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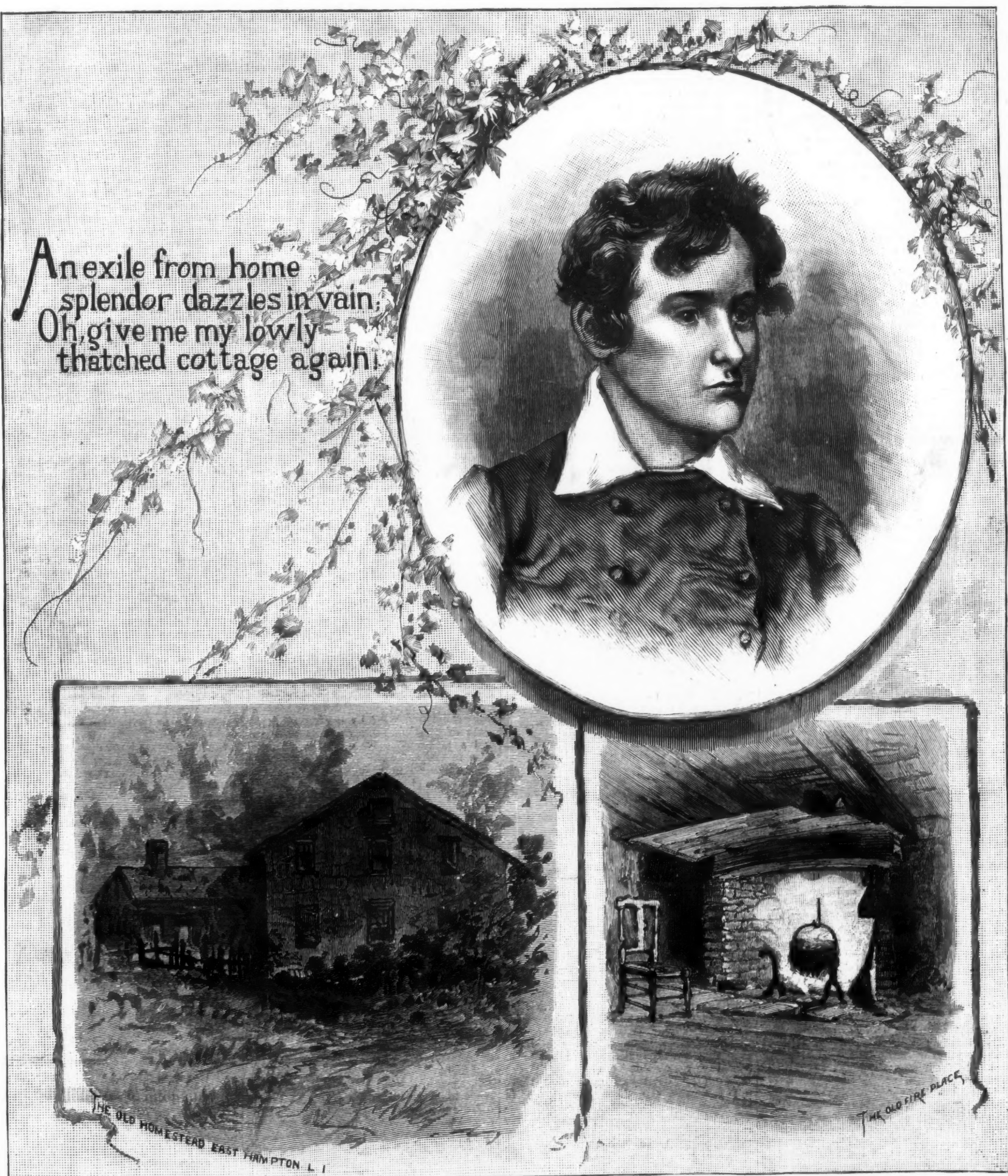


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AN UNDYING POEM AND ITS AUTHOR.—JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."—SEE PAGE 71.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
85, 86 & 87 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1883.

### THE ANARCHISTS IN EUROPE.

WHETHER or not the fateful year of 1848 is soon to be repeated as between the reigning dynasties and the people, the recent outbreaks scarcely determine. Yet it is certain that the social problem is a grave one—the gravity, too, of which few who do not closely study European affairs can scarcely imagine. The outbreaks in France and Spain, the turbulent condition and revengeful feeling of the Irish people towards England, the deep-seated dissatisfaction of the conservative Germans, and the seemingly mad expedients employed by the Russian Nihilists, do not speak well for the long-continued supremacy of the governing class, or the stability of the Executive centres of power. Curiously enough, too, the revolutionary movement in each European State differs in its origin, in its methods of evolution, and the ultimate result proposed to be achieved. The Paris Commune of 1871—the bloodiest episode of the century—was, and is, the incarnation of French anarchy founded on an idea. It was the resident of the city against the cultivator, the artisan against the peasant. The great cities of France have, since 1789, been the hotbeds of the *drapeau rouge*, and in one moment or another they have resolved every possible absurdity. Under the Commune of 1871, for instance, Sunday was abolished, orthography was declared an obsolete science—the signal of aristocracy—and a carnival of assassination was ordered and executed such as made the civilized world shudder. This was all done in the name of municipal government—the meaning of the Commune—and Paris was to be an independent entity—free from the national restraint. Had not Thiers and MacMahon been on the exterior of the capital with a large body of regulars (150,000), the leading cities of France would have revolted, and the sympathetic Latin cities of Spain and Italy would have followed in their train. The wholesale debarkation of the Communists for New Caledonia, their subsequent employment in penal servitude—which only a French commandant knows how to make oppressive—sowed a deep feeling of resentment among the sufferers against orderly government, and these former prisoners are the anarchists who a few days ago made the significant demonstration in Paris, and which temporarily became a city of threatened danger to timid pleasure-seekers. Said a prudent and thrifty girl, the keeper of a small shop on the Boulevard, when the standard of revolt was at its height in 1871: "My father was a victim of the Empire of 1851. Now for revenge!" and she rushed forth with a gun and joined in the carnage. This is the spirit which animates the anarchist of to-day. In the face of such a state of feeling, it is no wonder that some, at least, of the ruling class are seized with trepidation bordering on despair.

In Spain, while the subjects of the Crown are neither as noisy, dangerous, or intelligent as the French *citoyens*, the King is more stable on his throne than is M. Grévy in the Presidency of the Republic. But Alfonso is a weak man, and the frequent change of rulers in the kingdom during the past few years does not give any permanent hope that his monarchy will endure in the face of an energetic revolution.

But probably the most important social and political changes are slowly going on in Germany, where the universal law is to read and write, and the general experience is to be poor. The people are beginning to revolt against the military budget and declaim against military service. Private advices from various parts of the Empire coming from high and conservative functionaries present a condition of things that will eventually surprise the public when there is a thorough knowledge of the internal affairs of the several States. Germans are beginning to believe that they may be governed in the Fatherland without the necessity of looking for comfortable asylum in the wilds of North America; and they ascribe their present impoverished condition to the policy of Bismarck, which has been to make a strong military Power, whatever becomes of the people. The Germans are not swift to move, but should the wave of revolution roll over their country, it will not surely be with an ordinary velocity. It will not be like the revolution of a single night in Berlin in 1848, which had small consequences; it might change the destiny of Europe.

Of course these speculations, founded upon the bloody events of the revolutionary year of 1848, which gave to Europe many years of enlightened progress, may be wide of the mark; but, certainly, never in history has there been so much widespread disorganization of society, so much fear of killing on the part of the rulers—dynastic or otherwise—and so much power of the

lower orders of the people crying for bread, political equality, and ultimate independence. It is too early now to remark upon the influence of these movements upon the social fabric of the United States, yet their potency will soon be apparent, and call for closest study.

### TRADE AND THE NEW TARIFF.

ALREADY there are indications of a revival of business activity following the long agitation of the tariff question and its final settlement. The prolonged discussion in Congress had the effect of paralyzing operations in not a few branches of commerce; the suspense pending the final action on this most important subject was considered far worse than any change in the duties that was likely to be made. The feeling at present in almost all the avenues of trade is one of relief.

In the woolen industry the signs are distinctly favorable. No marked improvement can at once be expected, but there is a better demand for woolen goods; and it is significant, moreover, that at Bradford, the seat of England's woolen industry, great disappointment is expressed at the new tariff laws enacted by this country. That is to say, there is no chance for the English to crowd American manufacturers out of their own markets. The iron trade, too, is reviving. Our bar iron is preferred even at a higher price to the foreign, and prices are not now high enough to encourage importations. Pig iron has been selling more freely of late at Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and manufactured iron, not only in Eastern Pennsylvania but at the West, is likewise selling to a larger extent than was recently the case. It is worthy of note that our production of pig iron is now over 5,000,000 tons annually; that the industry employs 40,000 persons, to whom \$12,000,000 is annually paid in wages. We are thus next to Great Britain in this department of trade, while the actual consumption in this country is probably larger than anywhere else.

Steel rails, too, notwithstanding the marked reduction in the duty, will continue to be an important item of our manufactures; the effects of the reduction have been anticipated, and there was a demand here a few days ago for at least 50,000 tons. It is impossible for English manufacturers to export steel rails to this country at the present prices, and the Eastern mills have now enough orders on hand to keep them busy for several months. Indeed, little competition from English manufacturers is anticipated at any time, except perhaps at some remote point in the country. The immediate effect will be rather to increase the competition at the West and Southwest.

There has been a somewhat larger traffic in Sumatra tobacco since the adoption of the new tariff. It will be excluded from our ports hereafter, for the benefit of the tobacco growers in Connecticut, Pennsylvania and other States. As to the reduction of internal revenue taxes on tobacco, the manufacturers, wholesale dealers and retailers will derive the most benefit from it at first; later, the cost will be reduced to the public. Southern products, such as rice and molasses, have met with a larger trade here since the tariff question was settled; East India rice and West India molasses will not interfere with the native industries. And, not to particularize further, it may be reiterated that the general effect of the Congressional decision touching the tariff has been to impart greater activity to traffic, and thus to produce a more cheerful feeling in the business community.

### JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THE expected arrival at this port during the present week of the remains of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," will be an event of more than ordinary interest. As is generally known, the expense of their transfer from their resting-place in Tunis to this country, is borne by the distinguished philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, who has also arranged for their interment, under a suitable monument, in the beautiful and romantic Oak Hill Cemetery, which was presented by him to the capital city a number of years ago. It is certainly a little remarkable that it should have been left to a citizen of Washington to interest himself in removing the remains of the poet and dramatist to a final sepulture in his native country, for Payne was essentially a New Yorker, identified in all his earlier life with the metropolis. It was here that his first successes were gained, and it is here that his monument should be reared. But the generation that knew Payne is well-nigh dead and gone, and there are few who see John McCullough in the play of "Brutus; Or, The Fall of Tarquin," who know that the author of the play was the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Mr. Corcoran, however, can remember how, as a mere boy, in the year 1809, he was delighted with Payne's acting. He says: "Whenever I could get twenty-five cents to pay for a seat, I went to see and hear the

tragedian, and my memory of his appearance and action is now fresh and clear, after a lapse of seventy-three years." And so the venerable gentleman is showing his regard for the memory of Payne in a most appropriate way.

At the time when Mr. Corcoran saw Payne on the stage, the latter was only a boy himself, having just made his debut as *Young Norval* at the Park Theatre, New York (on February 24th, 1809), being then only sixteen years of age. But even some years earlier than this he had courted public favor as editor of the *Theatrical Mirror*, a weekly paper. At this time he was only thirteen years old, and a clerk in a counting-house. Afterwards, in 1807, while a student in Union College, he published twenty-five numbers of a periodical, the *Pastime*. In fact, he was a genuine "infant phenomenon," and it is only a question whether more moderate success in his youthful attempts would not have insured more permanent results in maturer years.

After his successful debut at the Park Theatre, he appeared in leading parts in Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. It was within a few days of his twenty-first birthday that he made his first appearance in London at the Drury Lane Theatre, and he afterwards made tours to the provincial theatres and Ireland. During the succeeding twenty years which Payne spent in Europe he experienced all the ups and downs incident to the life of a talented actor, playwright and manager, who had ability for anything but taking care of his own interests. His tragedy of "Brutus," already mentioned, was first produced in 1818, with Edmund Kean in the principal part. The chief character in his comedy "Charles the Second," was a favorite part of Charles Kemble. Either one of these plays would have made the fortune of an ordinary writer, but money would not stick to Payne. The song "Home, Sweet Home," is contained in "Clari; Or, The Maid of Milan," which was produced as an opera, and it made the fortunes of all who were connected with it, excepting the author. But if his talents did not gain him money, they brought him friends, and he numbered among his correspondents Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Charles Lamb.

The original manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home," is now in the possession of an old lady of Athens, Ga., to whom Payne was strongly attached. The words, as first written, are all interlined, with here and there an expression of endearment to the lady mentioned. It was in 1841 that the poet was appointed United States Consul at Tunis, and here he died in 1852. The marble slab which for over thirty years marked his grave in the cemetery of St. George's contained this inscription:

"Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled,  
To realms beyond the azure dome,  
With arms outstretched, God's angels said:  
'Welcome to heaven, Home, Sweet Home.'"

The monument soon to be reared at the nation's capital will testify to coming generations that the memory of the poet is precious to his native land; but no such memorial is needed to perpetuate his name wherever, the wide world over, human hearts find life's supremest joy in the influences and associations of Home.

### OUR ARCHITECTURAL DEVELOPMENT.

NOT the least interesting feature of the building activity in New York is a study of the architectural development. From the dead level of the commonplace, from an uncompromising severity of simplicity, only exceeded by the Philadelphia style of putting architecture in uniform, and a monotonous, if not dreary, sameness in the exteriors of the very proper and scarcely less uninviting brown-stone fronts of up-town New York residences, there has come a reaction. The home-builders have gone from one extreme to the other. It is only about two years since the Queen Anne, with a little feeling of the Renaissance, first came in vogue. To catalogue the architectural sins since committed in the name of that unhappy woman would be an unpleasant duty; these sins are perpetuated in brick and stone and enduring timbers that might, unchallenged, set themselves up as "frightful examples." Now the property-owners demand of their architects something in the ultra Renaissance line—it matters little what, so it be Renaissance. As the natural result, there is a crowding together in one building, perhaps, of all that is florid, from the poetic Italian Renaissance; from the more virile and robust, but no less attractive, French Renaissance; and from other styles and eras too numerous and too confusing to classify. From downright plainness, the architects, working according to the instructions or desires of their clients, have gone to overloading the fronts of single dwellings with decorations and ornamentations that should be spread over a façade of not less than a block in extent. As to the roofs and sky-lines, many of them simply baffle description, and for downright grotesquery and picturesque barbarism, may be said to fairly rival St. Basil in the Kremlin in Moscow. In all kindness, it

may be recalled as a friendly warning that the architect of the fearfully and wonderfully made St. Basil had his eyes thrust out by order of Ivan the Terrible, for whom the church was built.

The result of the underdone and overdone architecture of this city is almost equally unsatisfactory to the educated eye; but the more recent departure is certainly an outreaching in the right direction, and for that reason full of hope. Between the two extremes lies the happy medium which can never be reached till the pendulum of public taste has swung as far one way as the other.

One of the more recent problems for solution by the architects and builders is that presented by the sky-scraping edifices, both for residence and business uses. These involve modifications of methods in construction, and at the same time present an enlarged scope and fascinating field for experiment in the treatment of exterior designs. In a short time these tall buildings are destined to as radically change the appearance of the city as they will affect its business. Of the highest importance in their construction are the considerations of adequate protection for property and security for life. Primarily these considerations involve, as vitally essential, that buildings of double the former conventional height shall be, first, as absolutely fireproof as possible; second, that ample fire-escapes shall be provided; and, third, that the elevators shall be so equipped as to prevent the possibilities of accidents. These points being properly settled, and taking for granted durability in construction, convenience of plan, plenty of light, perfect ventilation and sanitary plumbing, there still remains for the architects the problem of how to give the most attractive appearance to the exterior of the building as a complement to the practical perfection of the interior; and in the solution of this problem lie the possibilities of architectural development, if not of absolute creation, which may result in what shall deservedly be known as distinctively the American style.

### THE LOVE OF THE MYSTERIOUS.

GREAT and victorious is humbug. The human mind longs to doubt that which is demonstrated and believe that which is impossible. To the average intellect there is something extremely fascinating in the thought that events do not happen in a regular and orderly manner, in obedience to known law, but that they occur capriciously, or in response to the waving of some magical wand.

We delight in prophecies and prodigies, in wonder-workers or marvelous happenings, in events that we can manage to assign to the shadowy border-land, where the sequences of nature are suspended, and gnomes and goblins dwell. Probably three-quarters of those who read this are in the habit of caressing some puerile superstition that, if matured, would make them food for Wiggins—they shudder to see the moon over their left shoulder, or to step into a friendly house with the right foot first, or to sit with thirteen at a table, or to go up one pair of stairs and down another, or to have a picture fall, or to have a bird fly into a window, or to break a looking-glass, or to hear an insect ticking in the wall, or to see a flock of geese go by in a long drawn procession, or to have a hearse pause in front of the window. There are thousands of homes of intelligent people in these States where the mirrors are always covered up when there is a death in the family, for fear the corpse will arise in the night and look in the glass; though it does not clearly appear why the deceased should be denied such a harmless gratification. Byron was superstitious about cats; and the great explorer and antiquarian, Schliemann, affirms that he never had any luck in life till he began to give precedence to his left side in dressing himself, and he ascribes his great success to the fact that for years he has put his left leg first into his pantaloons!

Professor Wiggins has succeeded as a prophet. That is to say, his predictions have failed, but he has impressed himself on the imaginations of the superstitious as being possessed of mysterious powers of divination. Multitudes regard him with awe. All he now needs to do is to predict amazing things in a high tone of voice at short intervals, and at very long range; he should keep at least a dozen balls of splendid prophecy in the air at once, and if he can throw in a comet of the first magnitude to strike the earth about two years from now, and make a hole a hundred miles deep and a thousand miles in diameter in the vicinity of Kalamazoo, there will be a first class sensation, and he will get hundreds of invitations to lecture. It makes no difference whether his prophecies come true or not; he can keep enough alarm in the air to prevent his mere failures from attracting any attention. He should predict a blight of the rice crop of India next year, and starvation among the Hindus; that is their normal condition. He should foretell a failure of the buffalo crop of the prairies, and starvation among



the American Indians—they are always starving. He should predict the sinking of Manhattan Island, the destruction of London by an earthquake, and the outbreak of a volcano in the mountains over Montreal. This will keep public attention pleasantly riveted on him, and afford a gentle stimulus all around. Public credulity must be appeased, and he is not, perhaps, the most useless of men who ministers to its gratification.

### TOO MUCH READING.

IT is no doubt true that the mental habits which are necessarily fostered by much newspaper reading—the cursory skimming of paragraph after paragraph, reading with the eyes rather than the mind—have much to do with a certain lowering of the mental keynote which is observable in nearly all classes of society at the present day. The reports of public libraries all over the country show the reading habit to be rapidly gaining ground. To a certain extent, this is doubtless a good thing, and yet it is quite possible that there may be too much of it. Whatever tends to stifle thought cannot but be harmful, and certain it is that a great deal of our current literature not only does not stimulate thought, but rather acts as a narcotic, dulling the memory and stupefying the reflective powers. A little of it might do no harm, but even good; yet most of those who read at all, in these days of free libraries and cheap books, read not a little. To be for ever acted upon instead of acting, to be always in an attitude of receptivity which leads to no activity, to have one's thinking always in the passive voice, so to speak, must tend not only to dwarf, but almost to paralyze, the intellect. A habit of rapid skimming over even good books leaves no room for reflection; thought after thought is dropped into the mind only to die there, instead of springing up and bearing fruit a hundred-fold; and the more precious the thought the heavier the loss. The memory, hopeless of retaining all that is forced upon it, with no aid from the reflecting, combining, associating faculties, ends by retaining nothing. Books are read for the mere pleasure of the moment, and are forgotten as easily as they were read. If only their substance had been assimilated by the mind, this had been matter of less consequence. They would have nourished and built up the intelligence, and so far have done their work. But this the majority of books of the present day are scarcely calculated to do, without more careful study than they are likely to get. It is not with them as with the books of two or three generations ago; then the lightest of them were somewhat hard nuts to crack; they were perforce worked over, nibbled at here and there, returned to again and again; to get at their sweetness was not so easy a matter, but once gotten, it passed into the very fibre and texture of the mind. Hence there were fewer readers, and they who read, read to purpose. Giant thinkers are rare enough in any age, but in the former time, with far less of culture, people in general were thinking as they do not now.

To learn to think—that is the great problem, the aim of all our education, the true object of all our reading. The noblest employment of the cultivated mind, how great the pity that it should be so often lost in the craving for a pleasurable sensation which lasts but for the moment!

### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE excitement in England over the disclosures as to the Irish murder conspiracy has scarcely subsided, when a fresh sensation is produced by an attempt to blow up the Local Government Board offices in London, which is, of course, attributed to the Fenians. The explosion occurred on the evening of March 15th, and was so severe as to shake the galleries of the House of Commons, some distance away. Dynamite was used, and the building looked as though it had been bombarded; but, happily, nobody was injured. This first outbreak of the dynamite party in London naturally made a profound impression, and strong guards were placed about the Government offices and the residences of the Ministers. The evening before the explosion in the Government offices, an attempt was made to blow up the London Times office, but no serious damage was done.

The explosion occurred on the day next succeeding that on which the House of Commons had rejected, by the decisive vote of 250 to 63, Mr. Parnell's Bill amending the Land Act. Mr. Gladstone said the Bill amounted to a virtual remodeling of the Act, eliciting hearty cheers from the Tory benches by declaring that it would be in violation of the duty of the Government to demand further sacrifices from landlords. Mr. Gladstone also expressed the hope that Mr. Parnell would give assurance that the new crusade would be conducted in a strictly legal manner—a remark which derives new emphasis from the work of the dynamite party on the following day. The trial of the murder conspiracy prisoners has been set for April 9th.

The Transvaal problem is again demanding attention. The Boers have been making many attacks upon the native chiefs, and many Englishmen feel that it is the duty of their country

to interfere for the protection of the latter. The Government, however, is very much disinclined to assume new obligations in that quarter, Lord Derby saying that the use of force would only tend to create an African Ireland.

The various phases of anarchism in different European countries continue to engage attention. The Socialists in Paris are very active, and a "Black Hand" society has been discovered in Northern Portugal, while no less than 1,200 persons have been arrested in the Spanish provinces of Andalusia alone for complicity in the anarchist movement. The Russian Government has proposed to the other Powers that an international detective force be organized to cope with Anarchists, Nihilists, Fenians and Socialists. France, Switzerland and Austria have acquiesced in the proposal.

The suspicion that Prince Gortschakoff was poisoned is sustained by his physician, and it appears that the Prince himself knew of the theory, for in his will, made on his deathbed, he requested the authorities to suppress any inquiry as to whether or not he had been poisoned.—The Spanish Dynastic Left have appointed a committee to manage the party, as Marshal Serrano desires to resign the leadership.—It is announced that all the preliminaries for placing a bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey are now arranged, sufficient capital having been subscribed, the sculptor engaged, and the position for the bust selected. The latter is a column standing between the memorial niche of Chaucer and the bust of Dryden, with a full and uninterrupted stream of light falling on the position, so that the bust will occupy a central and most conspicuous place in the Poets' Corner.

THE apparent revival of public sentiment in favor of the lash as a means of punishment is one of the curious signs of the times. The latest manifestation is the passage of a Bill, in the lower branch of the Illinois Legislature, to punish wife-beaters by whipping. Illinois is one of the most intelligent and progressive States in the West, and the fact that such a Bill meets favor in her Legislature is one of no small significance.

THE tide of immigration still pours in upon us, but with somewhat diminished volume. The official statistics show that the total number of emigrants who have reached our shores from the principal foreign countries during the months of February and March is 17,065, against 28,247 for the same month last year. For the eight months ending February 28th the number arrived is 300,484, being 74,609 less than during the same period of the preceding year. The immigration to Canada, meanwhile, is increasing, and is likely to grow still more rapidly under the stimulus of the efforts now making to divert Irish and English emigrants to that quarter.

"All the world loves a lover," and even age and obesity do not avail to break the charm. Seldom has this been more strikingly illustrated than in the interest manifested throughout the country in the marriage of ex-Senator David Davis to a North Carolina bride last week. The public has smiled at the old gentleman's transparent denial of wedding intentions, and had its joke at the idea of the ponderous statesman indulging in the soft nothings appropriate to the affianced, but it has also been hearty in its congratulations and good wishes to the happy pair. Now that he has retired from his long service in the Supreme Court and the Senate, the integrity and patriotism of the Illinois Independent are warmly recognized, and the whole country will join in the hope that he may find all the happiness he could desire in his *role of bridegroom*.

THE last New York Legislature investigated the receivership scandal, but very little good seems to have come of the exposures made. A recent statement shows that no less than sixteen bankrupt savings banks in this State are in the hands of receivers, and that the depositors are being defrauded of their just dues by tedious litigation protracted in the interest of the receivers and their friends. Some of these cases are simply outrageous, as one where over eleven years have been spent in paying two dividends of \$152,000 at an expense of nearly \$76,000, and another where over eight years and \$90,000 have been consumed in paying a single dividend. It is disgraceful that legalized stealing of this sort can be committed in a civilized State, and the Legislature ought to be shamed into effective action to stop the abuse.

ONE of the coming reforms in this country is the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment allowing the Executive to veto separate items of an appropriation Bill. Governor Butler has called attention to the necessity of such a provision in Massachusetts in a recent veto of a Bill making appropriations for various expenditures connected with charitable and reformatory institutions in that State. Some of these appropriations he approves; but he can only arrest others which he condemns by vetoing the Bill as a whole. New York has set an excellent example to the country by a constitutional provision allowing the Governor in such cases to pass judgment upon any item without endangering the fate of the rest. The system works admirably, and other States as well as the National Congress could not do a better thing in the interest of good legislation than to apply it in their respective spheres.

THERE is something touching in the tone of the reply which the chief of the Malagasy envoys addressed, the other day, to a delegation of Washington clergymen. These clergymen had adopted resolutions expressing their

deep interest in the progress of Madagascar under the present sovereign, and their regret at the threatened war arising from the aggressive policy of France. The ambassador responded heartily to the sympathetic feeling evinced by the resolutions, and then sadly added: "We frankly confess that our present prospects almost discourage us entirely in the paths of enlightenment. If the policy of France be the outcome of the white men's civilization, then it were better for us to remain in ignorance." A whole volume could not depict the situation more forcibly than these two sentences, and they ought to be carefully conned by French statesmen. Should opportunity offer, it is to be hoped that the good offices of this Government and that of Great Britain may be interposed to allay the existing exasperations and avert the calamity of a war in which the highest interests of civil order, religion and education would suffer incalculable damage.

THE investigation by a citizens' committee of the Washington police department has disclosed a most extraordinary state of affairs. This committee has been at work for three months, and it has discovered proofs of the existence of a widespread conspiracy between the detectives and the thieves, whereby the former even went so far as to plan robberies, send for criminals to commit them and divide the profits with them. The committee has secured the indictment of thirty-four persons, most of whom were detectives, and the abolition also of the whole detective force by Congress. The investigation has a national interest, inasmuch as the unlawful combination which it has disclosed operated in the interest of more prominent criminals than ordinary thieves, and has seriously impeded the administration of justice in the courts.

THE unexpected appearance of Patrick Egan, the Land League treasurer, in New York, last week, has revived the controversy as to the disposition of the great amount of money which has passed through his hands. There is one very easy and simple way of ending it, and that is by a full publication of the accounts; but Mr. Egan still fails to avail himself of it. He has come over, he says, to defend Sheridan, in case the British Government pushes proceedings for his extradition, and will attend the convention of Irish societies in Philadelphia, April 25th, at which he also promises Parnell's attendance. Mr. Egan's coming was enveloped in considerable mystery, the British authorities supposing that he had fled to the Continent, but whether there was any reason for it beyond the Celtic love of mystery does not clearly appear. It is scarcely necessary to say that he has been warmly welcomed by his countrymen here.

THE reappearance in political life of ex-Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, is an incident of some significance. It is apparent that, notwithstanding his business misfortunes and his somewhat erratic personal career, he still has the confidence of "the common people," and is regarded as peculiarly the representative of their aspirations and purposes as regards the internal policy of the State. His nomination for Governor by a convention of Independents is the outcome of this preference and of the feeling of discontent which pervades the ranks of both the Republican and Democratic parties; and while it is scarcely probable that the movement will prove successful, it certainly should convince the party leaders of the necessity of conforming themselves more nearly to the popular demands than they have latterly done. To the country at large the coming campaign in that State will have an interest which has not attached to any contest there for a considerable period.

THE Missouri Legislature has been discussing the liquor question, and has finally decided in favor of high licenses. A Bill has been passed which levies a tax of from \$25 to \$200 for State purposes, and another of from \$250 to \$400 for county purposes, upon each license every six months, while no license is to be granted unless the applicant secures the signatures of two-thirds of the taxpayers in his neighborhood and files a bond of \$2,000 to keep an orderly house and refuse liquor to minors. The law provides a heavy penalty for selling liquor to habitual drunkards, and has other stringent features. The enactment of such a measure only emphasizes the present drift of opinion regarding the repression of drunkenness, which is distinctly in favor of trying a system of high license fees and other restrictions upon the liquor traffic, rather than to pass prohibitory laws which public opinion will not enforce.

NEW ORLEANS is a good deal worried over a threatened danger of the most serious character, being nothing less than the loss of the Mississippi River. For several years a larger part of the Father of Waters has been deflected into the Atchafalaya River, and reaches the Gulf by that channel. The Mississippi River Commission estimated that in 1881 one-sixth of the flood discharge had been diverted to the smaller streams, and the increase has been so extraordinary since then that Captain Eads, of Eads jetties fame, declares that, if left to itself, the great river will within two or three years change its course entirely and pour down the Atchafalaya to the sea. As this would close the Lower Mississippi to navigation and leave New Orleans on a small and tributary stream, it is not strange that the people of that thriving city should be alarmed. To add to the seriousness of the situation, the failure of the River and Harbor Bill in the last Congress has put an embargo on the proposed works for arresting the deflection of the Mississippi, and the New Orleans papers fear that this delay will prove disastrous.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

#### Domestic.

THE health of Secretary Folger is somewhat improved.

THE mining town of Forest City, California, was destroyed by fire on the 16th inst.

It is authoritatively denied that the Prince of Wales will visit this country during the present year.

ASSISTANT UNITED STATES TREASURER WYMAN has been appointed Treasurer to succeed Mr. Gilliam, resigned.

THE President has suspended Judge Hoover, of the Supreme Court of Arizona, who is charged with accepting bribes.

GOOD order has been entirely restored in Alaska. The native tribes unite in asking that school-teachers be sent to them.

COUNSEL for Polk, the defaulting State Treasurer of Tennessee, have offered to compromise by paying the full amount of his default.

BOTH Houses of the Tennessee Legislature have passed the Bill to settle the State debt at fifty cents on the dollar, and with three per cent. interest.

THE Republican State Committee of Georgia have referred to a sub-committee the question of the nomination of a candidate for Governor.

MR. L. L. SADLER, for seven years a conspicuous member of the Board of Councilmen, has been nominated by the Republicans for Mayor of Cincinnati.

THE position of Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing has been tendered to John W. Corning, of Geneva, Sergeant-at-Arms of the New York Senate.

THE New Jersey Assembly has rejected a joint resolution providing for an Amendment to the Constitution touching senatorial representation on a basis of population.

SECRETARY CHANDLER has authorized Lieutenant Harbor to continue the search for Lieutenant Chipp and his party during the coming Summer if he thinks it advisable.

ANOTHER sanguinary war is threatened in the Creek Nation, consequent upon the renewal of outrages by the adherents of Sproche, one of the aspirants for the supreme authority.

THE Connecticut Legislature has passed a bill placing the funerals of executed criminals under the control of the Sheriff, who may cause them to be buried at the expense of the State.

THE treaty with Madagascar has been ratified by the State Department. The envoys were received in Philadelphia, last week, with public honors, being the guests of the city during their stay.

It is expected that the Northern Pacific Railroad will be completed in its entire extent by the 1st of September next. A branch road to the Yellowstone Park, sixty miles in length, will be finished by the 1st of July.

THE national convention of the Land League will be held at Philadelphia, April 25th and 26th. On the evening of the second day a grand reception will be tendered to Parnell, Davitt, Egan, and other distinguished Irishmen.

In the Star Route trials last week, General Brady testified for the defense, putting in a general denial of the charges laid against him. The cross-examination brought out many inconsistencies in his testimony.

THE Continental Guards of New Orleans, one of the crack corps of the city, will visit Boston in June next. They also have invitations from military companies at Chicago, Toledo, Syracuse, Elizabeth, New York, Albany, Portland, and other cities.

THE Republicans of Rhode Island have nominated Augustus Q. Bourn for Governor and Oscar J. Rathbun for Lieutenant-governor. The ticket was completed by renominating Joshua M. Addeman for Secretary of State, S. P. Colt for Attorney-general, and Samuel Clark for General Treasurer.

ON account of the lack of appropriations for the current fiscal year, General Hazen of the Signal Service Bureau has closed twenty-eight cautionary display stations on the Atlantic Coast, has discontinued telegraphic weather reports from three stations, and has closed thirteen observing stations.

THE Herald fund for the relief of sufferers by the Ohio floods has reached an aggregate of \$50,000. The fund is disbursed by special agents of the Herald, who investigate each case of need as a preliminary to the bestowal of aid. The floods in the Mississippi Valley are subsiding, but there is still great distress among the people of the inundated districts.

#### Foreign.

THE Netherlands Chamber has authorized the Government to negotiate a loan of 60,000,000 florins.

CHARLES WITTE, the German lawyer and writer, is dead, and M. Edouard Laboulaye, the distinguished French jurist, is reported to be dying.

THE French Government has resolved to expel all the foreigners convicted of implication in the riots at Paris upon the expiration of their sentences.

It is stated that a British magistrate has unearthed astounding evidence connecting O'Donovan Rossa with the Patriotic Brotherhood conspiracy.

An International Exhibition will be opened at Calcutta next December. Two thousand square feet of space have been reserved for American exhibitors.

THE emigration to Canada from Great Britain is expected to be unusually extensive during the ensuing year. One steamer, sailing from Liverpool for Halifax last week, took 450 emigrants.

MR. PARNELL's friends have resolved to take the question of the proposed testimonial out of his hands. A national movement in his favor is about to be started under the auspices of Archbishop Croke and others.

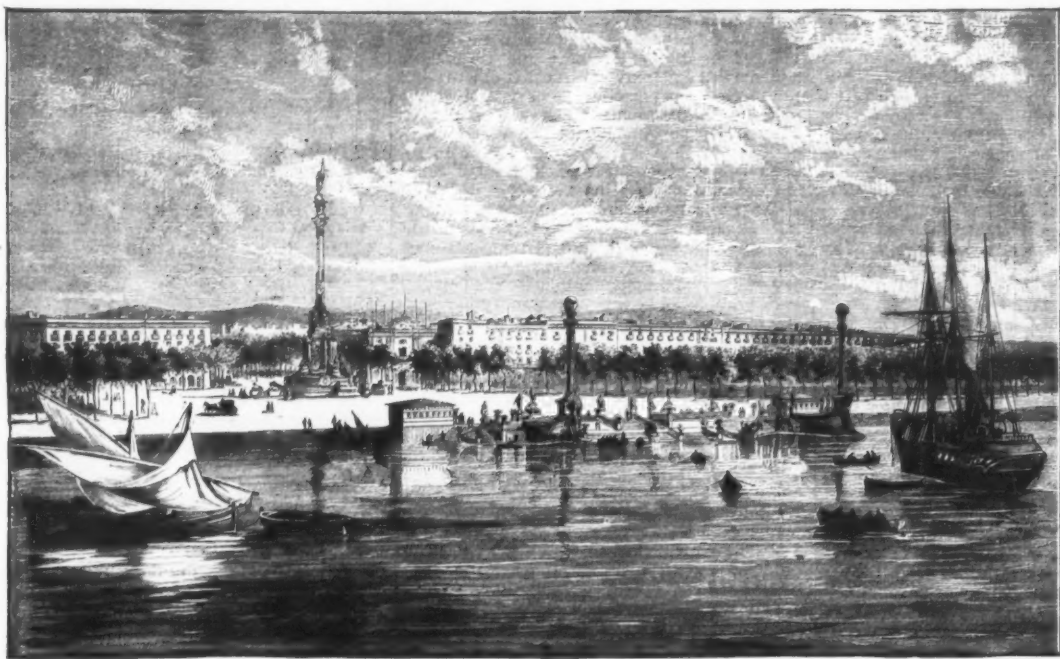
THE Catholic clergy of the diocese of Swineford, County Mayo, have passed a resolution charging the Government with neglecting the distressed people, and condemning the remedies offered of the workhouse or emigration.

OXFORD defeated Cambridge again in the annual University race on the Thames, March 15th. The Cambridge were the favorites at great odds, but Oxford won easily by three lengths. This gives Oxford 23 of the 40 races that have been rowed, to 17 for Cambridge and one tie.

GENERAL BARRIOS, President of Guatemala, has published a proclamation in which he strongly advocates the establishment of the confederation of the five republics, and declares that he does not aspire to the Presidency of it. Indications point to trouble being caused in the event of the confederation scheme being warmly pushed.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 71.



SPAIN.—THE LANDING-STAGE AND MONUMENT IN HONOR OF COLUMBUS, AT BARCELONA.



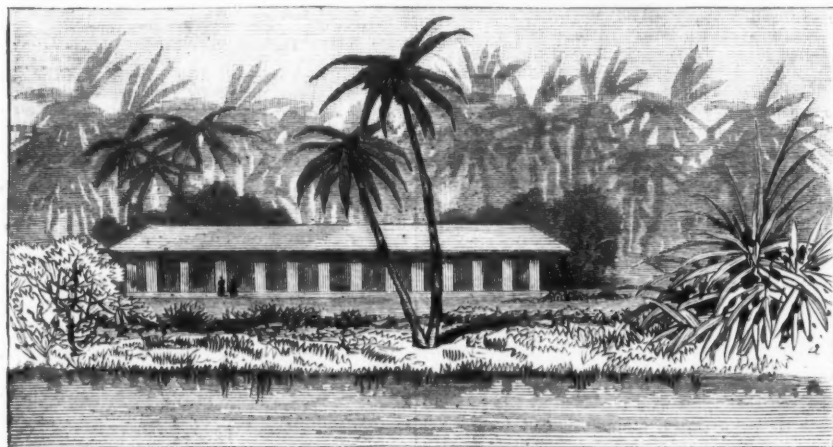
SWITZERLAND.—LOUIS RUCHONNET, PRESIDENT FOR 1883.



CEYLON.—THE CHIEF OF POLICE RECEIVING ARABI ON HIS LANDING AT COLOMBO.



RUSSIA.—SUPPLYING HOT TEA TO STREET RAILWAY EMPLOYEES IN ST. PETERSBURG.



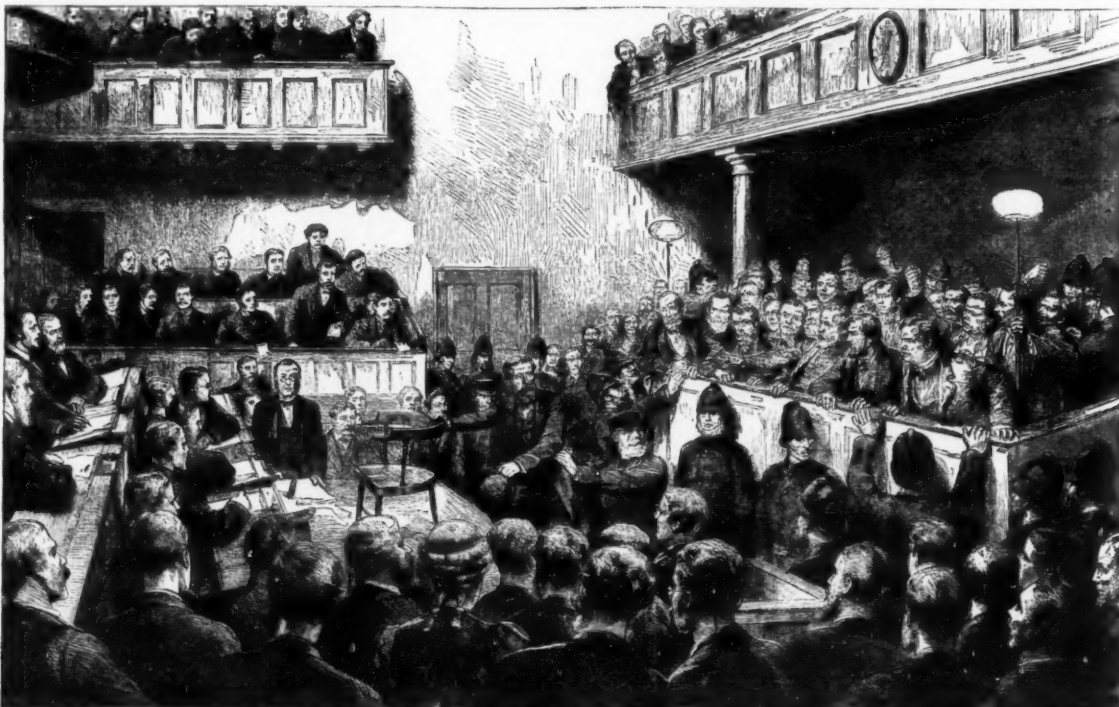
CEYLON.—LAKE HOUSE, COLOMBO, RESIDENCE OF ARABI IN EXILE.



BULGARIA.—THE FORTIFIED CITY OF RUSTCHUK, RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

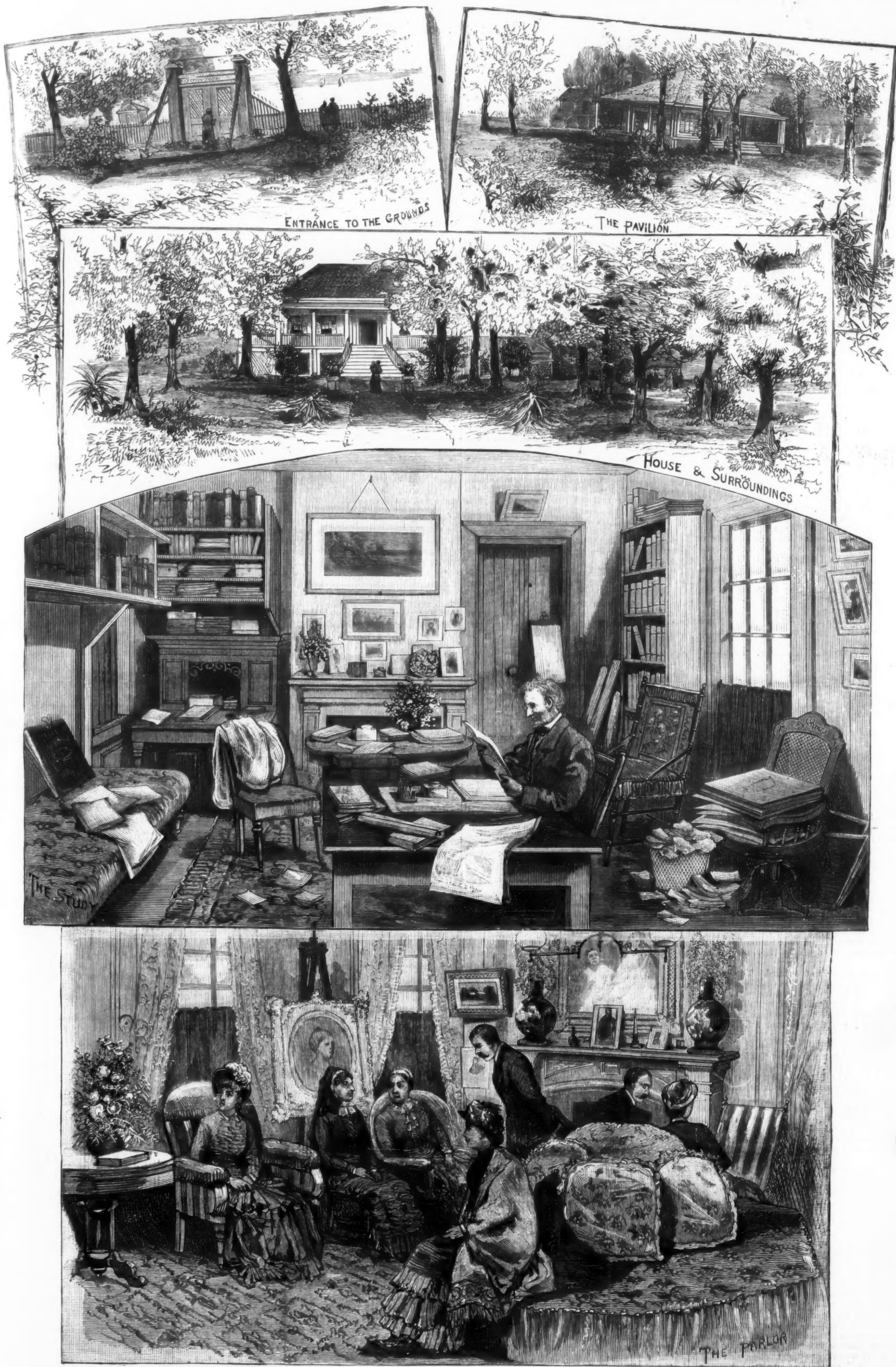


VENEZUELA.—MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF BOLIVAR.



IRELAND.—THE CONSPIRACY TRIALS IN DUBLIN—FIRST APPEARANCE OF JAMES CAREY AS A WITNESS.





MISSISSIPPI.—BEAUVOIR, THE RESIDENCE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS—INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR VIEWS,  
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 75.







The old man lays down his knife and fork. He is very serious and full of trouble. Rising slowly and sadly, he says, from the bottom of his brave old heart:

"Well, then, listen to me. I have done the best I could. I tried to hide it all from you, but I can't any more. A good many times, lately, I have said I was sick, and I didn't eat. It was because there was not enough for both of us. I wanted you to eat and be strong, so that you could strike it in the old tunnel. Now, there is nothing more to eat. Nothing more for any one. Charley, more than twenty years I worked on in that old tunnel there—all alone—till you came. I believed every day that I would strike it. All my companions are dead, or have made their piles and gone away. All along the long and lonely road of my hard life, I see, as I look back, little grassy mounds—they are the brave miners' graves. I am the last man left. The grass every year steals closer and closer down about my cabin door. In a few years more the grass will grow over that door-sill, and long, strong and untroubled it will grow in my trail there; the squirrels will chatter in these boughs, and none will frighten them away—for '49' will be no more! And yet, for all that, I have never complained. I did believe, and I do still believe, we will strike it yet. But now—but now! If you love me, eat your coon!"

There are tears in Charley's eyes as he cries: "My dear old partner, forgive me. Why didn't you tell me of this before?"

"If you love me, eat your coon!"

"Take a toothpick, then," laughs the girl. "I didn't mean that, Charley. You sha'n't be without bread. Here!" and she takes the loaf from the basket under the table.

"Why, where did you get this?"

"Up there, of her—old Mississipp."

"Then it's her bread, and I won't eat it," says "49."

"It ain't her bread. It was her bread, but I stole it, and it ain't her bread any more."

"My poor child, what have you done?"

"Nothin'." I knowed, '49, you had no bread.

They've got lots of bread, and I don't care that—and loudly she snaps her fingers—for the whole lot. Why, it wasn't nothin', was it, Charley? If it was, I won't never, never steal any more."

"It was very wicked—a crime," he gravely replies. "Yet, if you, a mere child, hungry, knowing neither right from wrong, are guilty for taking bread, how much more guilty am I? '49, hear me!" cries the young man, starting to his feet. "That man, Gully, came to me to-day, taunting me with his good fortune and my misery. He came in that tunnel to ask me to his wedding. And there, deep in the dark earth, face to face, man to man, I fought him, overthrew him, weak as I was, and took from him a package of papers. I gave it to her to keep. I am a robber."

"Why, my boy—what? What do you say, Charley?"

"I knocked him down and took a package of papers from him."

"Yes, and I'll keep 'em, too!" shouts the girl, as she strikes her breast.

"Charley, Charley!" cries "49." "Beware of the Vigilantes! The conscience of California! The Vigilantes!"

"Well, I'll keep 'em till the cows come home, Vigilantes or no Vigilantes," answers Carrie, sulkily.

"My poor, poor boy!" says "49."

"Gully is one of the Vigilantes," "49," says the girl.

"Yes, and so merciless! Give me that package, girl. I, old '49,' will keep it."

The girl hands him the package, while the young man timidly asks:

"Why, what will you do with it?"

"When they come for it, boy, as they will, I will give it up. Yes, that's right, Charley. That's squar! They won't, you know—they won't dare to hurt me. Why, I've been here since '49. They won't hurt me, boy. I'm old '49. Oh, they won't hurt me." His affected cheerfulness as he speaks is pitiful to see.

"You take a great load off my shoulders, '49. Let me tell you that I was robbed of those very papers, which made my mission here worse than useless. I wrote back to the hard old lawyer, and he has answered gruffly that he will come on and tend to the business himself. He may be here at any moment, and he will find me a robber when he comes."

"There, there, my poor pard," cries "49."

"It's all right, it's all right. Now, Carrots, a little song—one of your pretty little negro melodies that you say you was born a singer."

Just as Carrie is about to sing she pauses, her eyes opened to their widest extent.

"The Vigilantes!" cries the girl, as she looks down the trail over her shoulder. All start to their feet as they hear the sullen tread of armed men. The Vigilantes stride into the yard, Gully at their head.

"There!" he shouts, as he points at Devine.

"That's the man that robbed me."

"You are the prisoner of the Vigilantes!" says the captain of the company. "Iron him, men!"

Here the old miner's voice rang out:

"Stop! One word! You all know me. I've been here since '49. This boy—what do you want?"

"The man who robbed me of my papers," shouts Gully.

"We want the robber," says the captain, respectfully.

"Yes, we want the robber. I want my papers," roars Gully.

The old man snatches the papers from his bosom, and as he holds them aloft cries: "Here they are, and—I am the robber!"

"What! You, old '49?"

"Yes, I! Old '49."

Two men seize him roughly from behind, while Devine and Carrots throw themselves on their knees and grasp his hands, as if to save them from the cruel manacles of the merciless Vigilantes.

(To be continued.)

## THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

TEN years ago the Faust Club, of Brooklyn, unveiled in Prospect Park a colossal bust of John Howard Payne, which they had presented to the city. In his address upon that occasion Mr. Thomas Kinsella, the President of the Club, expressed the hope that the dust of Payne might be deposited in his native soil and a suitable monument erected above it. This hope is at last, over thirty years after the poet's death, to be realized, through the liberality of W. W. Corcoran, the Washington millionaire, who made provision some time ago for the removal of the poet's remains from the grave in Tunis to a more appropriate resting-place in a cemetery near the national capital. The author of "Home, Sweet Home" died at the American Consulate in Tunis, April 1st, 1852, and was buried in the cemetery there. A broad marble slab bore an appropriate inscription, and in the little Protestant church is a chancel window in his memory, placed there by a few English-speaking residents of Tunis, whose admiration and respect for Payne were decided and sincere. The disinterment of the remains took place one evening a few weeks ago in the presence of a dozen Europeans and several Arab gentlemen. The body was carried into the church, while an English gentleman at the little American-made organ played the air, and a sweet-voiced American lady sang the immortal song of the dead poet. A spectator draws this graphic picture of the scene: "As the tender words tremulously floated through and filled the holy place, hearts swelled, eyes were suffused, and

'A charm from the sky seemed to hallow us there.' Tongue cannot tell nor pen describe the effect of that song under the circumstances stated. The gloaming of the coming evening had crept into the chapel, and the 'dim religious light' that Payne's poetic temperament could have understood and absorbed, bathed all both living and dead, in its mellow radiance. The twilight went on apace, and the poor remains were left to lie there until the next morning, guarded by the faithful dragoman, who in life, as in death, was staunch and faithful to the last." Next day the body was put on board the French steamer bound for Marseilles, and from that port it was taken early in March by a vessel bound to New York.

These late honors to the immortal poet have drawn fresh attention to the history of his checkered career, and lend a new interest to everything connected with his life. Some of the principal incidents of that life are referred to on our editorial page. Our illustrations include sketches of the old homestead at Easton, N. J., where he spent the larger part of his early childhood, and the memory of which ever remained fresh in his mind, and a portrait of the poet as he appeared when a young man.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### Monument to Christopher Columbus.

The cultured and patriotic City of Barcelona is about to erect a superb monument in honor of the memory of Christopher Columbus. This monument, after the design of Señor Don Cayetano Burgas, will be as unique as it will be typical. A statue of the discoverer of America will be placed on a pedestal 140 feet high, and the base of the pillars ornamented with illustrations in bronze commemorating the signal services rendered to the world by this truly intrepid and skillful explorer. Within one hundred yards of this monument, and forming part and parcel of it, will be a quay, at which small boats can embark and disembark their passengers. This quay will be divided into three sections—a central and two lateral; the latter in the form of the prows of the boats *Pinta* and *Nina*, in which the valiant navigator did and dared so much. The central section will be ornamented with a magnificent balustrade, enriched by statues of the most celebrated explorers of all nations. This monument will, indeed, be worthy of the City of the Catalans.

### The Swiss President.

The Swiss nation have selected their President for 1883, and their choice would seem to have fallen upon the right man for the right place. M. Louis Ruchonnet was born in England in the year 1834, where his father and mother were then residing. In the year 1858, having completed his studies, which had been prosecuted both in England and France, M. Louis Ruchonnet repaired to Lausanne, and entered the Academy of Jurisprudence. In 1863 he plunged into political life, and was elected to the Great Council of his canton. In 1868, so marked were his abilities, that he was elected President of the Council of his canton, and in 1873 he was honored with a seat in the National Council and the Presidency of the Principal Committee. In 1882 he was nominated for the Presidency of 1883. No man has worked harder at his profession, and no man stands higher in the picturesque country of William Tell.

### Arabi in Exile.

Arabi Pasha reached Ceylon, whither he was sent in exile, on the 10th of January, and on the following day landed at Colombo, in the presence of a dense crowd. He was received by the Chief of the Ceylon Police, and escorted to Lake House, his appointed residence. This, as shown in our illustration, is a spacious, long two-story building, standing in extensive park-like grounds. The clump of palms on the left of the house is a coco-nut plantation; the bushes on the right are mangoes; while the tall trees on the right of the picture are firs. Arabi is said to be perfectly contented with his lot, and he appears to have been kindly, if not enthusiastically, received by the people among whom he is to live.

### Hot Tea for Railway Employes.

Tea is the favorite beverage of all classes in Russia. Our illustration presents a scene at a street railway station in St. Petersburg, in which the conductors and drivers are being refreshed by copious draughts of hot tea in the pauses of their labors. The drink is at least safer and more healthful than the cheap intoxicants which are so common in that country. In Philadelphia and some other cities of the United States railway employes are supplied, in winter, with hot coffee, which is quite as refreshing, no doubt, as the beverage provided for their Russian brothers.

### A Historic Bulgarian City.

Rustchuk, a fortified town of Bulgaria, lies on the right bank of the Danube, nearly opposite Giurgevo, and has a population of some 30,000. It is the seat of a Greek Archbishop, and contains nine mosques, Greek and Armenian churches, and several synagogues. Silk, wool, cotton, leather and other goods are manufactured, and the trade is steadily growing. The city has been the scene during the past century of many engagements between the Turks and the Russians. In 1810 it surrendered to the latter after a long siege, and after holding it for two years the captors burned it, but it was soon rebuilt. Our illustration shows the fortifications which were constructed in 1853.

### The Centenary of Bolivar.

It is proposed to celebrate the Bolivar Centennial, which comes off on the 24th of July next, with befitting ceremonies. Bolivar being recognized as the liberator of Venezuela, the suggestion that a statue be erected in his honor on this occasion has been hailed with acclamation. The design represents Bolivar aloft, upheld by four allegorical statues,

representing respectively Patriotism, Liberty, South America, and an Emancipated Slave. In Bolivar's hand will wave the flag which he triumphantly carried from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The principal figure will be in bronze, richly gilt; the supporting statues will be of white marble, or transparent onyx. Fame and History will form bas-reliefs. Around the monument will be a small square, tastefully laid out and planted with trees, blooming shrubs and rare flowers. Fountains and small statues will be dotted here and there. This monument promises to be worthy of Bolivar—worthy of Venezuela.

### The Conspiracy Trials.

We have already given the substance of James Carey's testimony in the Irish conspiracy examinations at Dublin. Our picture illustrates the scene when he first appeared in Kilmalnam Court House as an approver, and which was thus described by the *London Standard* of February 19th: "The prisoners did not appear to have lost the smallest degree of their wonted good spirits. They jostled each other about in the most good-humored manner in order to get a position in front of the dock, or at least close to some particular 'chum' or companion. Their greetings were apparently as effusive and hearty as ever. They had, however, scarcely settled in their places and looked round the court, before their self-possession gave place to very different feelings. Treading almost on their heels, and walking in a hurried and excited manner, came James Carey, representative for Trinity Ward in the Municipal Council of Dublin, master-builder, and self-constituted exponent of the rights and wrongs of workingmen, now about to appear in the character of an approver. Surprise, indignation, scorn and disgust, swept over the prisoners' faces as they glared with indignant scorn at the man who had once been their guide and leader."

### AN AMERICAN ARTIST ABROAD.

MR. H. HUMPHREY MOORE, the artist, upon whose shoulders the glowing mantle of Fortuny has, by right, descended, is now the centre of that illustrious inner circle in Paris, to belong to which is in itself a diploma that no yellow gold can buy. Surrounded by Gerome, Madrazo, Constant, Bastien le Page, Bessard, Baudry, de Neuville, and others of that bright particular hemisphere, Mr. Moore's atelier is a veritable Kaaba in the Mecca of Art, and, aided by his beautiful and accomplished Spanish wife, his entertainments are such as "sons of kings" beseech invitations to. Mr. Moore has painted his way to name and fame and fortune. A master of color, he uses it with deft and wondrous skill. He illuminates everything, from the Japanese Jose House to the glittering interior of a Moorish Harem. He weaves a gorgeous web after a fashion all his own. He handles a picture with extraordinary care, exquisite finish and fineness of touch. Mr. Moore since his residence in this city and in Japan, whither he hied him to prize the Japanese secret of vivid colorings, has made giant strides in his art. His "Almeida," exhibited here, gave promise of rich, luscious fruit. The elegant poisoning of the body, the rosy and diaphanous draperies so admirably designed to set off her swaying movements and ripe contours, the marvellous flesh tints, the sympathetic in rose, azure and gray, told that this highly refined scheme of color was but a prelude to richer combinations. Mr. Moore has of late been painting Japanese subjects, not after the mode of the Japs, but in his own glittering methods. The "orders" for these "bits of Japland," especially from Americans, are as numerous as they are generous and untrammelled. Sir Sidney Waterlow is among the list of Mr. Moore's admirers, the worthy ex-Lord Mayor of London having ordered a "tea-house." Mr. Charles Croker, of California, following suit. Whether Mr. Moore is justified in straying for subjects into the Land of the Rising Sun is a question for fierce disputation; but of one thing we are certain: that the brilliant effects produced by his sun-dipped brush are just as sparkling, whether the scene be laid beneath the shadow of the snow-crowned Fujiyama or in the noonday glare of the African desert.

### A Fever-proof Costume.

THE British National Health Association has recently given its sanction to a novel dress intended for the protection of sanitary visitors, nurses and others, who have to enter the rooms of persons suffering from infectious diseases. The garment is of mackintosh, glazed inside and out, and made completely to envelope the wearer and with a hood to cover the head. Thus only the hands and face remain exposed—a matter considered of comparatively little importance, as these can be easily washed with disinfectants. A not less important object proposed to be effected by the use of this dress is that by its removal when the wearer leaves the sick-room the clothes which have been protected need not be changed, and the danger of the disease being carried from house to house or communicated to susceptible persons in public vehicles is obviated. A tight case for the fever dress to be inclosed in is part of the invention. At the end of the day, or as often as may be convenient, the dress can be cleansed with disinfectants. Further protection is given by a simple form of respirator. This is made of two folds of thin washing-net, between which is placed a layer of medicated cotton-wool, through which the wearer can breathe, though no germs can pass. The respirator has tape strings which tie round the ears. After use the wool is burnt and the net washed.

### Horrible Death of Two Aeronauts.

INFORMATION has been received of the frightful death of two over-daring aeronauts in Madrid. Captain Mayt and an assistant ascended in a balloon in that city before an immense concourse of people on January 28th. When the balloon was 1,000 feet up Captain Mayt got out upon a trapeze suspended from the basket and began his performances. Suddenly cries of horror were heard, the trapeze rope was seen to part, and the intrepid captain fell from the fearful height, turning over and over till he struck the stone pavement. A moment later another shout went up from the people. The balloon, containing the other occupant, was seen descending with meteoric rapidity. It crashed against the projecting eave of a house, hurling the occupant to the ground. He died in a few moments.

### The Increase of Animal Life.

IN discussing the subject of the possible increase of animal life, Dr. Darwin says: "There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years, and at this rate in a few thousand years there would literally not be standing room for his progeny. Linnaeus has calculated that if an animal plant produced only two seeds—and there is no plant so unproductive as this—and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be 1,000,000 plants. The elephant is reckoned to be the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase. It will be under the mark to assume that it breeds when thirty years old and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth three pair of young in this interval. If this be so, at the end of the fifth century there would be alive 15,000,000 elephants, descended from the first pair."

### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THREE thousand weavers are on a strike in the Huddersfield district in England.

—A DECREE has been published in Germany prohibiting the importation of American hog products.

—THE medical department of the University of the City of New York graduated a class of 164 M.D.s last week.

—ADMIRAL VON STOSCH, of Germany, has resigned on account of a difference of opinion with Prince Bismarck.

—DR LESSEPS has sailed to Africa to begin surveys in connection with the project to turn the Desert of Sahara into a sea.

—TWO NEGRO women died in New York and Brooklyn last week, one of whom was 103 years old and the other 106.

—GERMANY has purchased 1,000 acres of land in Mexico and is negotiating for 9,000,000 more for colonization purposes.

—WEST POINT has made a new departure in sending her professors to study the methods of instruction in other institutes of learning.

—TWO Chinamen who were expelled from Waynesboro, Ga., by a mob have commenced suits for damages in the United States Circuit Court.

—A MEMORIAL hall is to be erected at Bristol, L. I., in honor of General Burnside and the soldiers of the town who perished in the war for the Union.

—THE Congress of Colombia was formally opened on the 1st inst. In the election of officers a black man named Ruiz became Vice-President of the Senate.

—A SNAKE was found frozen in a solid block of ice that was cut recently from a millpond in Roslyn, Long Island. On being thawed out and warmed, it was found to be alive.

—MUCH sickness prevails in the territory south of Evansville, Ind., inundated by the recent overflow of the Ohio River, the prevailing diseases being typhoid fever and dysentery.

—A BILL prohibiting cremation under penalty of a fine of from \$500 to \$1,000 and imprisonment of from one to three years has been introduced in the Pennsylvania Legislature.

—LOUIS BLANC's cat, which awaited him every night on the stairs on his return from the Chamber of Deputies, died of grief a few days after his death, having refused to eat or drink.

—SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL has introduced into the Canadian Senate an Amendment to the Post Office Act, forbidding any communication respecting lotteries from being sent by mail.

—THE American Peace Society which has now invested funds to the amount of about \$60,000, has lately come into possession of a legacy of \$40,000 from the late Rev. Dr. George C. Beckwith.

—A DISPATCH from Calcutta says that it is intended to reduce the railway rates in order to enable the growers of wheat in India to compete on more equal terms with American producers.

—THREE hundred clerks have been dismissed from the Census Office. Further discharges will be made at the beginning of the next fiscal year in order to keep the expenses within the appropriation.

—THE Town Council of Vienna has resolved to hold an exhibition in 1884 of articles connected with city improvements. Every municipality in Europe, America and Australia will be invited to send exhibits.

—A FORMER coiner of the New Orleans mint is working on a contract with the Mexican Government for the coining of 100,000,000 pieces of nickel money. The French Government is also about to begin the issue of nickel coin.

—IT is reported that the chief sovereigns and princes who were at Berlin during the celebration of the silver wedding of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess have agreed to be represented by ambassadors only at the coronation of the Czar.

—GREAT interest is taken by the Canadian provinces in the coming fishery exhibition next May in London, England. Some of the exhibits are already forwarded and others go this month. All have contributed save Manitoba and the Northwest Territories.

—M. CHARLES DE LESSEPS and a number of engineers have arrived at Panama from France. A powerful dredger is shortly expected from the United States, and then work on the mouth of the canal on the Atlantic will be formally commenced. A "boom" in canal matters is promised by those interested.

—PLATTSBURG, N. Y., has an "Anti-Bribery Citizens' Union," and the necessity for the organization is shown by a circular issued by it, which declares that in years past one third of the voters have openly sold their ballots for cash, and that one-half of these have in addition committed perjury upon being challenged.

—OSTRICH-FARMING seems likely to be established in California. One of the female birds were taken to San Francisco a few weeks ago in order to lay eggs, and a company has been formed, with a capital of \$30,000, called the California Ostrich Farming Company, which will at once commence active operations.

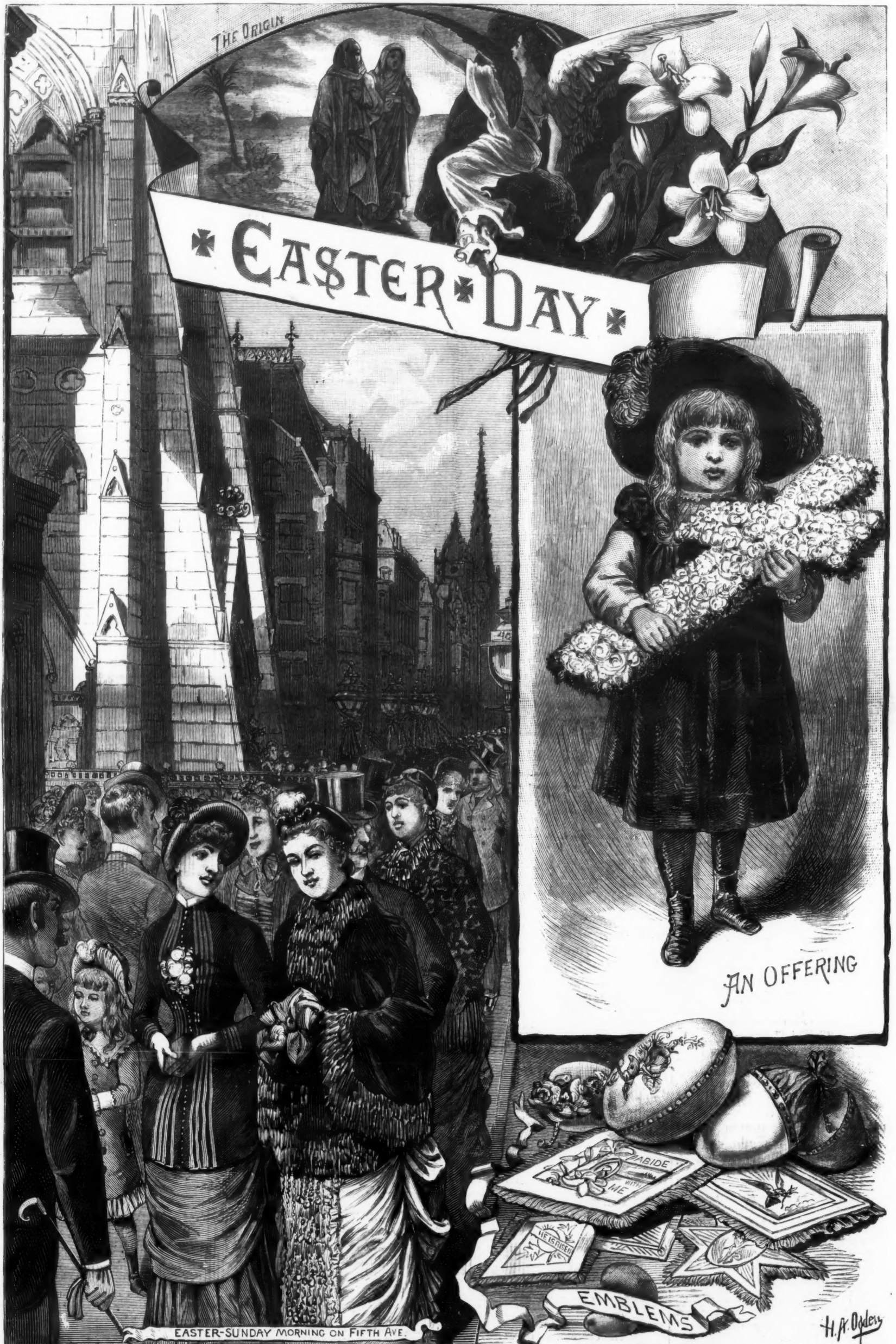
—News has been received at the Paris Geographical Society that the French had reached the banks of the Niger, Colonel Desbordes having been obliged to cut his way through the Beledougou region. He fought a battle with the Chief of Daba, after having crossed a stream called Barudi. The victory was won by artillery, and the Chief of Daba was killed, as well as a large number of his followers.

—THE New York Assembly has passed the Bill, which had previously gone through the Senate, for the preservation of Niagara Falls. It provides for the appointment of an unpaid commission to select certain lands around the Falls which shall henceforth be reserved by the State in order to preserve the scenery at the Falls, and to repair, as much as may be, the defacements made by selfish landowners.

—By order of the Municipality of Rome this inscription will be placed on the house where Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, lived while in that city: "S. F. B. Morse casa abito Dal XX Febbraio, MDCCCXXX, Al V Gennajo, MDCCCXXXI, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, Inventore del Telegrafo electro-magnetico scrivente. Nato a Charlestown, il 27 Aprile, 1791. Morie a New York, il 2 Aprile, 1872. MDCCCLXXXIII."

—GOVERNOR SHERMAN, of Iowa, has refused to accede to the request of the Prohibitionists in that State to call an extra session of the Legislature in order to re-submit the Temperance Amendment to the people. An examination has convinced him that Constitutional Amendments can be proposed only at regular sessions. As such a one does not meet until next January, the Iowa people will have a Prohibition canvass and a Presidential canvass to contest in 1884.

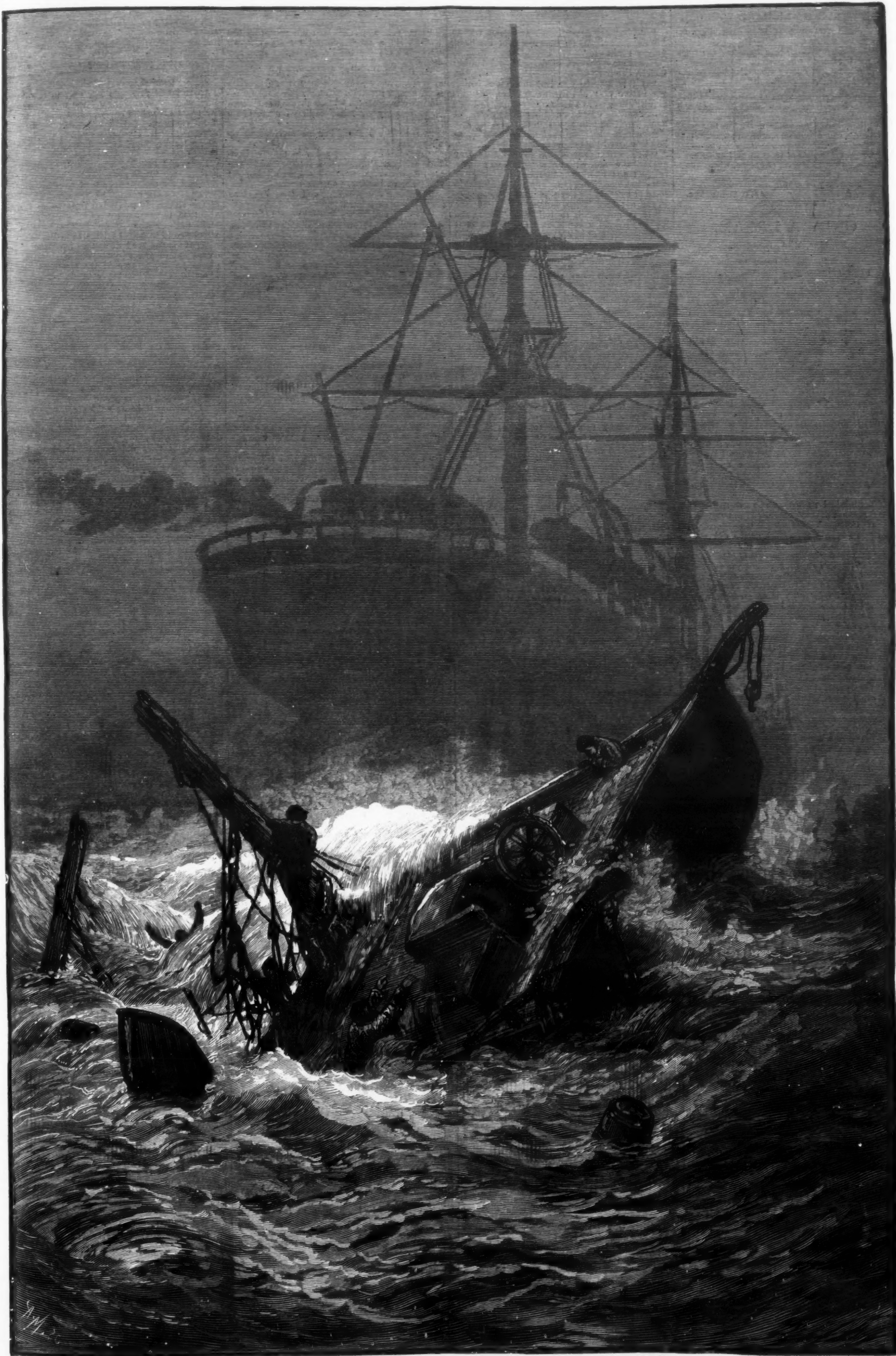




EASTER-SUNDAY MORNING ON FIFTH AVE.

"Now lilies white we bring  
In the joyous Easter morning—foretelling an eternal Spring."  
EASTER MORNING.





RUN DOWN—A SCENE ON ST. GEORGE'S BANKS.—SEE PAGE 75.



## THE DEATH OF RICHARD WAGNER.

MOURNING on earth as when dark hours descend,  
Wide-winged with plagues from heaven; when  
Wane, and no lips rebuke nor reprehend  
Mourning on earth.

The soul wherein her songs of death and birth,  
Darkness and light, were wont to sound and blend,  
Now silent, leaves the whole world less in worth;  
Winds that make moan and triumph, skies that bend,  
Thunders and sounds of tides in gulf or strath,  
Spake through his spirit of speech, whose death  
should send  
Mourning on earth.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

## ONLY A DREAM.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

A RICHLY furnished room in one of the principal streets of London, West End. Its inmates were a beautiful woman, a handsome but somewhat haggard-looking man. The latter stood opposite the mirror, and, though his face was turned towards it, he seemed to experience no great satisfaction at the countenance that met his gaze.

The two had evidently been arguing some point, for the woman's cheeks were flushed and her eyes were humid.

"Do you think I would forego my engagements for a foolish dream?" he asked.

"To please me, dear Ralph. You seldom do anything to please me, of late," she pleaded.

"Bah! Look at your wardrobe," was his response.

"Oh! dresses and money—yes; but I counted upon more than that when I left my father's home. Consider, I gave up everything."

"Yes; and when will you cease to taunt me about it?"

"Oh, Ralph, I never taunt you—at least, I never mean to. Forgive me—I am thoughtless at times. You know I love you; but don't you suppose I see"—and the charming face grew more eloquent as the dark eyes were brimmed with tears—"that you never cared for me as I care for you? There, don't look that way. Only listen to me this once—stay home only to-day! Lisetta is coming, and the poor girl will think it so strange if you are not here to welcome her. To-morrow the danger will be passed—to-morrow I shall be happy again."

"A woman's whim," he responded, slowly drawing on his gloves. "The thing is simply impossible. I made the engagement. Besides, I'm out of funds, and you know what that means to me—I may say to us—while in these very expensive apartments."

"Ralph, you know I would willingly go into the meanest—"

"Oh, stop—stop! No more of that. I know that you don't know anything about it. You never lived in a mean place in your life. You never had a wish ungratified, even since you have known me, I am proud to say, and you never shall. That is why I must go out to-night."

"Oh, Ralph, stop this way of living! I will be poor with you—live in lodgings, leave these splendid miseries, go anywhere—and love you to the end, if you will give it up."

"You talk to the winds, woman—I might say to the whirlwinds. If you continue in this strain much longer—"

"We might go back home," continued the woman, in a broken voice. "My father cannot have cherished anger all this time."

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, sonorously. "I think I see the old patrician standing on the rug with both hands extended; methinks I hear him say, 'I forgive you; bless you, my children.' Fancy! the son of an ordinary actor, whose family were mountebanks from the beginning—the man he cursed. But"—his voice grew low and hard—"I was not the only one he cursed. Don't you see it is working out?"

"Don't talk that way, Ralph, for heaven's sake, or I shall lose my reason," and with a half-smothered moan, the woman sank into a chair. "Why not go back upon the stage? I am willing; anything for an honest living."

"You forget that I am prejudiced against hard work," he said, turning half-aside. "I need a fortune at my back, with my luxurious tastes and my beggarly experience. I thought I should have one," he added, bitterly, "but there I was mistaken."

"Yes, but who knows what may happen? My father loved me once—there is no one to take my place; let us try—"

Then, frightened at the forbidding expression of his face as he turned upon her, she shrank back, only adding, "If you would only stay home to-day—to-night! Oh, if you knew how fearfully real that dream was!"

"Why, did I shoot you, or myself?" he asked coolly. "Did I scatter my brains (quite an unnecessary commodity in my business) all over the floor? Bah! what weak things women are! I have had occasion to remark that before."

"Then you will go! You will not heed me."

"I will go. I will not heed you."

"Then, Ralph, good-by; I shall never see you alive."

He burst into a low, musical laugh.

"How well she would look in tragedy!" he said, posing his head one side, contemplating her with half-closed eyes. "My dear, you would have made your fortune on the stage. Why didn't we go at once into legitimate business?"

"Will you go now?" she asked, her face brightening. "I will do my best; come, try me; see what an apt scholar I shall make—"

anything—anything but this terrible uncertainty!"

"Ah, but, my dear, there's an easier way to fill my purse. When that is full of the hard, yellow rocks—"

She made a gesture of despair, and hid her face in her hands.

"If this is to be our last interview, hadn't we better play a little at the sentimental? Shall I kiss you at parting?"

She sprang up and flung her arms about his neck, bursting into a passion of tears.

"No nonsense!" he said, almost angrily, as he disengaged himself from her embrace.

"You will never speak to me that way again," she said, with an emphasis so mournful that it startled even him.

"What was the dream?" he asked, almost in spite of himself. "I can at least hear it; but I shall not heed it, remember."

"It is not much to tell, only"—and she looked up with a shudder—"the horror of it—the horror that never leaves me! I dreamed you were in a room that seemed to me to be the apartments of a palace, it was so exquisitely furnished. It was an oblong room, and pictures and statuary, and hangings that glittered with gold, and panels painted in the most exquisite colors, met my sight everywhere. I did not stop to look at these things, however. My attention was riveted on a long table richly draped in red. It did not seem a dinner, and yet there were men and women seated along both sides, and you were in the centre. Suddenly I saw at your back a tall, thin, evil-looking man, whose face held a terrible fascination. He seemed to be full of power, and his eyes gleamed and darted fire, like the eyes of a basilisk. The awful eyes were fixed on you, following your every movement. I tried to warn you, but my tongue seemed powerless to move, and my limbs were palsied. Oh, how those evil eyes followed you! And presently I saw what broke the spell of my silence—that in one hand he held a shining dagger, and was only waiting his opportunity to strike you to the heart!"

"At last!"—she rose from the chair, white as death—"at last the blow fell, and at that moment the clock struck—it was striking when I waked up—but the hands seemed to stand at a quarter of three. I screamed, but you neither heard me nor saw me—and then I awoke."

"And whose was the face?" he asked, in a low voice.

If he felt any emotion as he listened to her description of a place he only knew too well, he gave token of none.

"How can I tell, except to describe it? A narrow, high forehead; black, curling hair; eyes brighter than diamonds; a look of assured power; thin but handsome lips; tall, sinuous. Ah, I shall never forget that man—never!"

"No. He don't let people forget him, once they have seen him," her husband said; and then looked up with a keen, almost frightened, glance, as he still stood smoothing his hat with his gloved hand.

"Oh! then you know him? My dream means something. Now you will stay—oh, Ralph, you will stay?" she added, with supplicating voice and eyes.

"Indeed, I will not stay," he made answer, impassively. "I'll go if only to show you of what intangible stuff dreams are made. So farewell, and forget—all you can," he added, in a lower voice, and somewhat impressively. "If you don't see me again, why, farewell, and meet your fate as bravely as you met me."

He went out, humming and laughing, leaving his wife sitting motionless, a nameless horror in her eyes, a faintness at her heart that she could not conquer.

How much she had dared, how much she had done for that handsome, wayward man! How dearly she had loved him, how fervently believed in him! And even yet it seemed to her that if only once she could compel that better self of his to come out into the light, she might yet save him from the curse that seemed hovering over him.

She believed in her dream, rather vision, she called it; and now he had gone to his doom, leaving her to suffer alone.

There was nothing to be done but to endure her loneliness. If she could but have followed him, as a strange yearning possessed her to do now! But how? He had taken a cab at the door, and she was not hardy enough to venture out, particularly as a thick fog had suddenly sprang up, obscuring the streets.

For some moments she walked the room, her hands clasped, her breast heaving with emotion.

"To be in this great city alone!" she murmured; "and he leaves me so often alone!"

She went to the grand piano and struck a few chords wildly; they seemed only to recoil in sound against her heart. She took up a dainty violin, but the tones held no melody for her.

Suddenly the door was thrown open.

"A lady," said the pompous servant, with a doubtful glance at the veiled figure.

Mrs. Forester came forward with a cry of almost rapture.

Any one would have been welcome in that supreme hour—how welcome then his sister, whom she had never seen before!

"I thought Ralph would be at the depot," said the young girl, after her wraps had been taken off. "You don't know what a time I had finding you. I am afraid he is by no means a model husband," she added, laughing, little knowing what pain she gave. "He used to think we girls never needed him, but, indeed, I think he should have met me."

"He would, I think, but for an engagement that called him away," said Mrs. Forester, a sudden pain at her heart.

Now perhaps she could while away the hours of that dreadful evening!

"How pretty you are! and what lovely

rooms!" said the young girl, looking about her.

"Do you make tea yourself?"

"Oh, yes, always," was the reply, as the woman set a table daintily for the visitor; "Ralph likes the tea I make better than any other."

"I should think he would," said the young girl, admiringly; she was herself very pretty, a blonde, with soft, shining eyes and fluffy, golden hair. "Do you know I was so surprised when I got your letter, saying I must come here?"

"Pray, why?" asked her hostess, looking up with a smile.

"Well, because I am going to play in London, and came on with a troupe," was the candid answer. "Don't you see, we all thought you married beneath you."

"Oh, don't say that!" and Mrs. Forester drew her breath hard.

"Yes, of course we knew you did, for you were rich and of an old family—and besides, it was foretold."

"What was foretold?" queried her hostess, growing pale.

"Everything as it has happened, so far," was the reply. "One night there was a dreadful storm—I shall never forget it—thunder, hail, lightning, and rain and snow. Father came home in the midst of it, leading a half-blind old gypsy who had lost her way, and told us to be kind to her. She seemed very grateful, and in return for food and shelter told all our fortunes. Ours—I mean we girls—were only commonplace, but Ralph's was wonderful. He was to marry a great beauty and an heiress—to be fortune's favorite in every way—but in a certain year to meet with an accident, unless very careful, which would change his whole career."

The woman listened with a smothered cry.

"Do I frighten you?" asked the young girl.

"No, no—go on. I was thinking," was the response.

"Well, sure enough, he married a beauty and an heiress—so that part of it came true. The other—well, if he is very careful, he will avoid that, perhaps."

"And he would go out to-night," groaned her listener.

"Why shouldn't he?" asked the girl Lisetta, glancing up in surprise. "Do you know you frighten me, you look so ill."

"I feel ill. I have had a dreadful dream that worries me; but come, let us talk of other things. Tell me about yourself."

"Oh, there's nothing to tell, scarcely. I came on with a troupe, and it gave me some importance to have a brother living in London," said Lisetta, setting her cup down. "It's so nice to come here and be welcome. I know all the others are envying me because they have to go into common lodgings. And then I haven't seen Ralph for three long years, and he was always my favorite. I suppose he don't have to play now."

Her hostess smiled bitterly at the double significance of the word as she answered that he had given up the stage.

"And is he as handsome as ever?" the girl went on. "I used to think him as beautiful as an angel."

"I still think him handsome," was the answer. "You will find him very little changed."

"But you're not happy," thought the girl. "I'm afraid you're neither of you happy. Shall I sing for you?" she asked, aloud. "I do nearly all the singing parts. They say I have a very good voice," she added, naively.

"Above all things I should like to hear you sing, if you will not mind my walking about. I am restless to-night."

"Of course, walk all you please; and I will see if I am in good voice. It was such a dreadful voyage, and I am to make my appearance in public to-morrow night."

The evening passed wearily away to Mrs. Forester. Hour after hour she looked for her husband, who sometimes, if he had a run of luck, came home early. An indefinable anxiety weighed her down.

As for Lisetta, the girl used all her efforts to amuse her. There were so many beautiful things to see and talk about, that she would not listen to any excuses for retiring.

"I don't usually go to bed till twelve," she said, "and sometimes a good deal later, when I go through a play. Do you think Ralph has gone to the theatre?"

"I am quite sure he has not."

There came a knock at the door. Lisetta opened it, hoping to see her brother; then looked back with a white, scared face, as she said, in a hoarse whisper:

"He says—they've brought—him—home."

"Dead!" shrieked the wife, and mercifully fell senseless.

It was well she did. She did not see that ghastly burden, nor hear the decision of the surgeon who was called in, that the man was dead.

When she came to herself Lisetta was weeping over her, and the landlady deploring that such a dreadful thing should have happened to her respectable mansion.

"Lisetta, don't leave me!" cried the unhappy woman.

"Never, dear! I am so glad I was with you."

"And he—oh, my husband!"

"Hush, dear!"—and the girl fell sobbing on her bosom.

"I must go and see him," said her sister, lifting herself from the lounge where she had fallen.

"Not for worlds!" was the agonized reply.

"I tell you I will. I am his wife—you shall not keep me from his side."

"But, dear, there are watchers there."

"It makes no difference! I must see my husband. Have they had a doctor?"

"Yes."

"And there is no hope?"

"No hope, dear."

"Dead! Is my Ralph dead? Oh, my darling! my idol! God has indeed punished me!"

She went slowly into the room beyond. How still and stark and white, that figure under the sheet!

Two men sat by the open bay-window, keeping each other's spirits up. They were smoking, and that pungent odor seemed to offend her.

"How little they care!" she sighed.

Lisetta had followed her only to the door, then shrank back, leaving the woman alone.

"Oh, my darling! if you had only listened to me!" she moaned, as she turned down the covering. "Why wouldn't you?"

She leaned over, fixing her eyes upon the pallid face.

Long and steadily she gazed, holding her breath, both hands pressed over her breast, as if to restrain the rapid pulsations of her heart.

The moments passed. Once she looked up at the clock. It wanted a quarter to three, and then, throwing herself on her knees, she took her position close to the body, and watched and watched with strained eyes.

What did she see? The men had flung their cigars out of the window and changed their places, looking in awe at the strange tableau. The man seemed marble on the bed, the woman seemed marble at his side.

"Hush!" she said, with uplifted finger.

Then one cry rang through the room that brought everybody in the house to the door.

"There is life here!—life! I tell you!" cried the wife, hoarsely and rapidly. "Run one of you for help. He is not dead! Go quickly!—waste no time!—for who knows—who knows? Oh, fly, fly, for help!"

Both watchers left the room precipitately. Others came in, and with careless, pitying words mocked her hopes.

"I care not if he is cold, rigid, senseless—there is life there—I saw it! Bring me fire, a coal, anything that burns, and see if his flesh does not blister!"

And still they did not believe her. Two surgeons came—by that time they had applied the tests, and behold the dead man opened his eyes.

Terrible was the story he told, when at last they roused him from that death-like trance. He had been conscious every moment from the time they pronounced him dead.

When his wife came, he felt the deadly torpor stealing over his senses, but her voice, her lamentation, her close watch revived and heartened him, and he made almost superhuman efforts to show her that he was not dead.

That close watching saved him, and made him another man. To the wife he had alighted, wronged, insulted, he owed his life, and he had manliness enough to remember and confess it.

His wound healed rapidly, and when, a month later, they were recalled to America, on the death of Mrs. Forester's father, he was able to accompany her.

A late repentance has resulted in the alteration of the will in his favor, and Forester found himself in possession of the wealth he had so long coveted.

But more to him than all the riches that now poured in upon him was the love that had so guarded and restored him, and of which he found himself unworthy.

The gambler, who had been accused more than once of unfair dealing by Ralph Forester, and whose losses had kindled an animosity long-cherished against his victim, till it resulted in a blow from the dagger of an assassin, was never heard from, though a reward was offered for his arrest.

Lisetta was sent by her brother to Italy, where she is still pursuing her studies, and bids fair to astonish the world with her marvellous voice.

## MEXICO FIGHTING THE SAVAGE APACHES.

OUR correspondent at Chihuahua, Mexico, writes as follows: "The Apaches of Arizona and the State of Sonora some time ago established themselves in the Sierra Madre Mountains, in the western part of Chihuahua, where, by their ravages, they soon became a terror to the white population. In this section, under the stimulus of American enterprise, many mines were being opened and the work of development was going forward with great success until the Indians, coming upon the scene, compelled the miners to flee for their lives, many escaping only after great perils and privations. In consequence of the repeated raids of the savages, both the Federal and State troops were sent out in pursuit of them; but, either from the cowardice of the troops or the willingness of the Indians, the expeditions in every case proved fruitless. Finally, it becoming apparent that other and more efficient measures must be resorted to, a farmer or granger company of 196 men was organized in the western part of Chihuahua, and, being well armed and equipped by the State authorities, was sent out to pursue, capture and kill the savages. By way of impulse in their work, the men were offered a bonus or reward of \$250 for each Indian scalp returned, and the same amount for each Indian of any size or age captured. This company of Mexican farmers, so organized and equipped, started from the town of Temoschi on the 2d of January last, taking a northwest course. In the pursuit, moving on foot, they encountered great obstacles, the trail leading them through vast cañons, over cliffs and precipices and through rugged mountains, until, on the morning of the 24th, at a point about 150 miles northwest of Temoschi, on the summit of the Sierra Madre Mountains, they overtook, surrounded and routed 300 of the Indian warriors. In the engagement twelve Indians were killed and eighteen squaws and eleven children captured; fifty head of stock (horses and mules) were also captured. Badly as the Indians were routed, however, they were not annihilated, and in the afternoon returned to the assault, surrounding the Mexicans in a small ravine. But the latter bravely held their own, and succeeded in repulsing the attack, but not without the loss of six of their number and all of their provisions. The Indian loss was considerable. The Mexicans finally returned to their homes with twelve Indian scalps, twenty-nine prisoners, and fifty head of stock, having on their return suffered great privations from the want of food and the severe weather.

"Being directed to escort the prisoners to Chihuahua, the little company of victorious volunteers, upon reaching that city, Sunday, February 25th, were received with great enthusiasm. The church-bells were rung, and the populace repaired in a body to the Alameda de Guadalupe, where



speeches of welcome were made and the victors were greeted with every form of cordial salutation. Subsequently the little band proceeded to the plaza and City Hall, where they were formally received and the Mayor and city officials, after which they marched to their place of rendezvous carrying their twelve Indian captives on poles, and escorting the Indian prisoners to their quarters. The Indians are to be sent to the City of Mexico, and from thence to the Indian Reservation in the southern part of the Republic, where they will be put to work and compelled not only to earn their living, but contribute something to the benefit of the State. The Indians encountered as well as those captured are Apaches from the San Carlos Reservation, Arizona, and were well armed with Henri rifles, etc., and were the property of the United States. The people in Chihuahua manifest great interest in the extermination of the Indians, and another granger company of 600 men is soon to be formed to go in pursuit of the savages. There are about 3,000 Indians, Apaches, in this State on the war-path, and about an equal number of State and Federal troops, but the latter have thus far failed to either encounter or kill a single Indian, and the people have no faith in their utility or efficiency.

Our illustration shows the captured Indians, with the captain of the Mexican company standing on the right.

#### THE HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE Sunny South! How little can those whose lives have fallen even in pleasant places "due North" realize the indefinable charm of the Sunny South; its soft and caressing climate; its vivid and wondrous vegetation; its peculiar and attractive scenery; its winsome and gracious people! So new is it, yet so old, so much of the polish of the ancient régime, with just enough leaven of the rush of the Nineteenth Century to add a special and pungent piquancy. That the South was dear, very dear to me, goes without saying; that I longed with a "precious yearning" to revisit it, an abiding desire; and when the hour in my busy life arrived that set me free for a brief holiday, I realized how delightful was the respite, even though its dote of days was of niggard and paltry measure. With the glamour of the Sunny South upon me, its sunshine in my eyes, its voices in my ears, its charm in my heart—with the recollection of my gracious and all too flattering reception as sweet blossoms in my mind—I felt how little my pen can do, even in describing something of what I have seen during the days that passed with such inexorable swiftness, and can but jot down the fancies and gleams eddying upon the now full tide of my memory. Among my most pleasurable reminiscences a visit to Beauvoir, the stately home of Jefferson Davis, is cut in boldest relief.

It was a balmy March morning—the idea of a balmy morning in this monster month!—that we left the Crescent City—a party of a dozen or more en route to Mississippi City, close to which lies the Davis domain and mansion. The "special" was provided by the Louisville and Nashville Railway Company, and special indeed it proved to be, for the car was a veritable club-room on wheels, lofty as to ceiling, longer and broader than any car I have hitherto traveled in, with easy chairs—oh, so easy!—capable of being moved to form circles for gossip, for *cavalcade*, or for the isolation necessary to reading, or gazing out on dainty bits of sub-tropical scenery, or in the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico throbbing on Lake Borgne and in Mississippi Sound. The motion of the train on this road was so smooth, albeit at times going at sixty miles an hour, that the staff artist who accompanied me was enabled to make flying sketches with as much ease as though he were at his desk in the Art Department at Park Place. Our first stop was at Bay St. Louis, whither the swells of New Orleans flit for the hot Summer months, but which has a resident population of four or five thousand souls.

It is a most picturesque little place—all coquettish villas, each with its grove, jetty, and bathing-box. It is French as though it had been lifted bodily off the coast of Normandy and dropped on the Gulf of Mexico. Shortly after quitting the town we crossed the Bay of St. Louis, which is spanned by the fine bridge of the Louisville and Nashville Railway Company, and is two miles in extent. The piles upon which the bridge is built and also the railway ties are submitted to a process of medication by the injection of creosote, which is forced into the bark and fibre of the wood to prevent the ravages of a minute parasite worm peculiar to the waters of this locality. It is known as the "Toredo," and is so rapid and insidious in its work, that without the use of creosote the hardest timber becomes honeycombed and severed in a single half-year. This chemical antidote has proved a factor of incalculable value in railway enterprise, and has extensive works midway between New Orleans and Mobile, where huge heaps of timber may constantly be seen awaiting the protecting process.

Our next stop was at Pass Christian. Here an elegant hotel is being erected that bids fair to fling down the gage of defiance to many a pretentious hostelry over the length and breadth of the land. Here is a quaint old church peeping from out a grove of tufted foliage. Here are villas and cottages larger and more pretentious than those at Bay St. Louis, surrounded by shrubberies of luminous green, and picturesque bathing boxes on the sandy sands, calmly confronting the foam-edged wavelets. During the high tide of the season there is often a floating population of six or eight thousand persons.

Having done ample justice to a tempting collation, provided by the railway company, the menu being worthy of Delmonico, the train ran into the station at Mississippi City, where we found carriages, sent from Beauvoir, awaiting us. Beauvoir is a stately mansion, reminding one of an old English home. It is approached by an avenue of superb and venerable trees. At the gate, in a spirit of true Southern courtesy, Mrs. Jefferson Davis awaited us. Mrs. Davis is statuesque and stately. Her elegantly shaped head sits upon her shoulders as though chiseled by Phidias. It is so exquisitely poised that one cannot refrain from gazing, while her every movement is the impersonification of dignity and grace. A rich mass of hair, whitened, alas! not by the hand of time, is wound in a massive coil at the back of the beautiful head. Her figure is stately, and the close-fitting black dress, with its Watteau plaits, clung to her form as though to caress it. She wore no ornaments whatever, save the circle of gold on her fine and shapely hand. Her manner is so winsome as to completely absorb one, and as we walked up to the old manor-house, beneath the arching boughs of lordly trees that stood like sentinels presenting arms as we passed, I felt its fascination to the full. Ascending a steep flight of steps, we were ushered into the reception-room, an apartment at once as elegant as it is cozy. A bright log fire smiled at us, and great easy-chairs received us with open arms. Miniatures of many generations gazed at us from the walls, and books, old and new, were at our beck. Pictures and portfolios, dainty bits of work, and all the costly knick-knackeries that bespeak refinement and culture blossomed in this charming old room, and, as if to complete the picture, a huge shaggy Newfoundland dog before the fire sprawled, who even in sleep ever and anon wagged his bushy tail for very hospitality. Mr. Davis's married daughter is on a visit to Beauvoir—the electric lights in the household, her two beautiful children.

After a delightful chat, Mrs. Davis volunteered to show us her husband's study—the workshop in which he turned out the "History of the War"—and in which he passes so much of his waking hours. This sanctum is a veritable building with a conical roof, standing apart from the manor-house and in the midst of the most magnificent trees. The interior presents all the rude reality that actual work

ever imparts, and is lined with two tiers of books. Everywhere are evidences of Jeff Davis's individuality in the form of pictures and statuettes. Mr. Davis will not permit any profane hands here, and everything must remain as he leaves it. While he is closeted in his sanctum no one may disturb him. This law is draconian. Mrs. Davis almost apologized for the condition of the grounds, which were quite *en désordre*, owing to the difficulty of procuring labor. Beauvoir, as is known, was the gift to Jefferson Davis from an ardent admirer, and a right lordly gift it was. Of my reception at Beauvoir I may not speak more. The sweetest and gracious words Mrs. Davis spoke to me, when claiming me as a Southerner, found their abiding-place. They dwell in my heart with the recollections of this queenly lady and of beautiful Beauvoir.

#### THE EASTER FESTIVAL.

EASTER—the queen of festivals—is again close at hand, and all around the world human hearts are coming under the spirit of joy and devotion which distinguishes it. The Shadow of the Cross is fading; the glories of the Resurrection are coming into view. The voice of lamentation is hushed, and soon songs of exultation and triumph will break from every lip. Youth and age alike welcome this festival of hope and joy with a tumult of rejoicing. The children—

"who look with smiling grace,  
Without a shade of doubt or fear into the future's face,"  
bring lilies for the altar and chant their Easter melodies in church and home. The middle-aged, and those who are passing down life's declining slopes, hail the day exultantly, because it tells that "Death is Life, and God is good, and all things shall be well."

beyond the Sunrise which this festival foretells. Our illustrations breathe the very spirit of the Easter time, and constitute in themselves a poem full of delicacy and feeling.

#### E. STONE WIGGINS, LL.D.

PROFESSOR E. STONE WIGGINS, whose weather predictions have given him such wide celebrity, was born in the County of Queens, Province of New Brunswick, Canada, December 4th, 1839. He was educated in United States and Canadian universities, having taken his degree of Doctor of Medicine in Philadelphia in 1868, and his Bachelor of Arts at Albert University, Ontario, the following year. For two years, from 1868 to 1870, he distinguished himself as Principal of the High School at Ingersoll, when he was also appointed by the Ontario Government a member of the Board of Examiners for the examination of teachers for the province. In 1871 he was appointed Superintendent of the new Institution for the Education of the Blind at Bradford, and to fit himself more fully for his special work and employ skilled teachers, was sent by his Government to visit various Blind Institutions in this country. This position he admirably filled for four years. At the general election to the Canadian House of Commons in 1873, he was chosen as the Conservative candidate for his native county, a strong Liberal constituency, and was defeated, but was immediately appointed to a position in the Finance Department by Sir Leonard Tilley, the new Finance Minister in the Government of Sir John Macdonald, which then rose to power.

Professor Wiggins is the author of several works on scientific subjects; his "English Grammar for Dominion High Schools" being a superior work. Two years ago he was a competitor for the Warner prize, offered for the best essay on comets, and in the struggle took second place, though no less than one hundred and twenty astronomers competed. He is a direct descendant of Captain Thomas Wiggins, who was sent out in the year 1680 to this country by Lord Saye and Brook as Governor of one of the Massachusetts districts. As is known to our historians, this family were among the first to resist the arrogance of the Colonial Governors, and are credited with having been among the chief actors who prepared the way for the Revolution of 1776. The late Stephen Wiggins, Esq., of St. John, great uncle of Professor Wiggins, was one of the merchant princes of Canada, and, having won his millions on the sea, left a large bequest for the education and support of the children of sailors lost at sea. In 1843 he invested the sum of forty-five thousand pounds in the purchase of New York city bonds, and out of the interest of this fund has recently been erected in St. John's one of the finest charities in America, known as the Wiggins Male Orphan Institution.

In 1872 Professor Wiggins was married to his cousin, Miss Susie A. Wiggins, third daughter of Captain Vincent W. Wiggins, of Queens, New Brunswick. This is the lady to whose zeal and talent is due the passage through the Canadian Senate, two years ago, of the well-known Bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Fearing a second defeat of the measure, she bravely entered the Senate, and by her pleasant manner and persuasive arguments, converted her minority into a majority. Her letters, signed "Gunhilda," and addressed to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ontario, to whose unwelcome interposition she attributed the defeat of the Bill in the first instance, were read with great interest both in Canada and this country. A number of ladies interested in the passage of this Bill have employed Mr. F. Dunbar, the Dominion sculptor, to execute a bust of this lady, which is to be placed in the Dominion Library at the capital. Already it is said to be a striking likeness.

#### A FISHING-BOAT RUN DOWN.

THAT silent and terrible enemy of the mariner—fog—has been holding murky revel off the fishing-banks of Newfoundland, to the ruin and dismay of the hardy and gallant fisher-folk. Many a brave fellow who has laid him down to sleep, perchance to dream of the loved wife and the household darlings, has been awakened by a dull and hideous crashing, the roar of leaping, seething waters, and then—the struggle for dear life. Our illustration represents the running down of a fishing-boat by an ocean steamer. In one brief moment desolation so complete has fallen upon the taut little craft that the imagination can but faintly outline such instant destruction. Crash! and the oaken timbers are split like matchwood. Crash! and away go masts and shrouds. Crash! and the mad waters come roaring, death on their foaming crests. A wild cry of despair uttered in unison by the drowning crew, and the once saucy schooner sinks "full fathom five" a dismantled wreck, while the giant steamer slowly disappears in the ensnaring veil of fog.

#### How Forrest Regained his Property.

A SINGULAR fact has lately come to light in connection with the late Edwin Forrest, which possesses more than ordinary interest. Pending the divorce proceedings between Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, the great actor decided all of his estate to his three sisters, giving each an equal share. Subsequently, one of them died without issue, and her share of the estate reverted to her two sisters and Edwin. The second sister died shortly afterwards without issue, and her share of the estate, with what had been left her by the first sister dead, reverted to Edwin and the remaining sister. Not long after this the

third sister died, and, as Edwin was the only heir, he, by her death, again became possessed of the property he had deeded away. The fact was discovered when the administrators sold the Broad and Master Streets property. The purchasers, in hunting over the records in the Register's office, discovered that Forrest had come into possession of his property the second time by inheritance, and through the Auditor-General's office, at Harrisburg, learned that by calculation, after the department had been placed in possession of the facts, the estate was indebted to the State about \$4,300 collateral inheritance tax, which was paid.

#### Grant's Escape from Assassination.

GENERAL GRANT, in a recent conversation, said: "The darkest day of my life was the day I heard of Lincoln's assassination. I did not know what it meant. Here was the Rebellion put down in the field, and starting up again in the gutters; we had fought it as a war, now we had to fight it as assassination. Lincoln was killed on the evening of the 14th of April. I was busy sending out orders to stop recruiting, the purchase of supplies, and to muster out the army. Lincoln had promised to go to the theatre, and wanted me to go with him. While I was with the President a note came from Mrs. Grant, saying that she must leave Washington that night. She wanted to go to Burlington to see her children. Some incident of a trifling nature had made her resolve to leave that evening. I was glad to have it so, as I did not want to go to the theatre. So I made my excuses to Lincoln, and at the proper hour we started for the train. As we were driving along Pennsylvania Avenue a horseman drove past us on a gallop, and back again around our carriage, looking into it. Mrs. Grant said: 'There is the man who sat near us at lunch to-day, with other men, and tried to overhear our conversation. He was so rude that we left the dining-room. Here he is now riding after us.' I thought it was only curiosity, but learned afterwards that the horseman was Booth. It seems that I was to have been attacked, and Mrs. Grant's sudden resolve to leave changed the plan. A few days after I received an anonymous letter from a man, saying that he had been detailed to kill me, that he rode on my train as far as Havre de Grace, and as my car was locked he failed to get in. He thanked God that he had failed. I remembered that the conductor had locked our car, but how true the letter was I cannot say. I learned of the assassination as I was passing through Philadelphia. I turned around, took a special train, and came on to Washington. It was the gloomiest day of my life."

#### Cost of Living in Paris.

THE great increase in the cost of living in Paris, occasioned by the enormous and exceptional amount of the municipal debts and consequent local taxation in that city, appears to be seriously affecting the rate of increase of its inhabitants. According to the last quinquennial census, while the increase of population in St. Pierre-Calais was over thirty per cent, and that of Nice over twenty-four per cent, in Paris it was only fifteen per cent. In a list of the twenty-two largest towns and cities the capital occupies a tenth place only, and it would probably have stood lower but for the fact that the census happened to be taken in December, when the passage of strangers through Paris is considerable, and when rich strangers who live in Paris only for pleasure are mostly in town.

#### How Bismarck Saved a Soldier.

A GOOD Bismarck anecdote, showing the Prince to have been a good comrade from his youth up, is the following: "In 1838 he entered the Potsdam battalion of 'Garde Jaegers' as a one-year volunteer, and six months later, at his request, he was transferred to the 'Second Jaegers' at Grefswald, in order to be able to profit by the lectures in the agricultural school of Eldena. One of his comrades in the battalion was a young man, who at the present day still counts among the great landed proprietors of the province of Pomerania. He then stood in the second rank immediately behind Bismarck. In spite of stringent orders to the contrary, the Jaegers persisted in frequently firing a shot at the numerous storks on the meadows near Grefswald while out on march, drilling, or exercising. One day on the march home to the barracks Bismarck's hindman brought down, with a bullet, a bird. The officers, although marching a good way ahead, heard the report, saw the stork fall down, ordered the battalion to halt, and forthwith began to examine the gnat. Everything was as it should be in the first rank. The culprit in the second rank began to tremble all the more for his safety, inasmuch as his promotion to a Lieutenancy was at stake in case he would be found out. This Bismarck realized, and while his friend was on the point of voluntarily denouncing himself in order to clear the rest of the men from an unjust suspicion, he whispered to him: 'Look sharp, take your gun in the left arm, I'll throw you mine.' No sooner said than done; so quickly, in fact, that the inspecting officer did not notice it, and the case of the killed stork remained an unexplained mystery."

#### The Society of Friends.

THE latest official statistics of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, for 1882 show that in Great Britain and Ireland the total number of members is 17,977. About 25,000 scholars, adult and junior, are regularly under instruction by the Friends in their Sabbath-schools, but only a few of these become members of the Society. This little church of 18,000 members is, however, represented in Parliament by about ten members, including Mr. John Bright, Sir J. W. Pease, Mr. Arthur Pease, Mr. Lewis Fry, Mr. Theodore Fry, Mr. George Palmer, Mr. J. N. Richardson, Mr. J. F. B. Firth, and Mr. William Fowler. There are also several ex-members of the Society in the House of Commons, including Mr. William E. Forster, Alderman R. N. Fowler, and Mr. W. F. Ercyod. The Society includes one baronet (Sir J. W. Pease), and one knight (Sir John Barrington).

#### Death-roll of the Week.

MARCH 10TH.—At Lancaster, Pa., Major Edward D. Muhlenberg, a well-known civil engineer, aged 51; at Philadelphia, Pa., Isaac E. Waterman, a leading business man; at Baden-Baden, Germany, Prince Alexander Michaelowitsch Gortschakoff, the Russian statesman, aged 84; at Athens, Greece, Alexander Comandourous, the Greek statesman, aged 64. MARCH 11TH.—In New York city, George W. Rathbone, formerly a leading Western banker, aged 69; at Bridgeton, N. J., Lucius Q. C. Elmer, formerly a leading lawyer and politician, aged 90. MARCH 12TH.—At Covington, Ga., J. J. Floyd, a prominent lawyer; at San Francisco, Cal., William H. King, Chief Engineer United States Navy; at Springfield, O., William White, Judge of the United States District Court, aged 60. MARCH 13TH.—In New York city, Charles C. Pearson, proprietor of the Concord (N. H.) Patriot, aged 40; at Danville, Va., Thomas S. Flournoy, formerly member of Congress. MARCH 14TH.—In New York city, Rev. Charles J. Warren, a Congregational clergyman, aged 86; at Washington, D. C., F. S. West, formerly a well-known journalist, aged 69; at Princeton, N. J., Rev. Dr. J. P. McLaren, a veteran Presbyterian clergyman; at Manila, Henry G. Chapman, a New York banker, aged 50. MARCH 15TH.—In London, Karl Marx, the well-known Socialist and founder of the International Association, aged 64.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EX-MAYOR KALLOOH, of San Francisco, has settled down on a cattle ranch at Santa Cruz.

MUNKACSY is at work in his studio in Paris on a large painting—the largest he has ever attempted—"The Crucifixion."

CHARLES A. DANA, editor of the New York Sun, has bought a \$150,000 house now going up on Madison Avenue.

FRAN HYACINTHE, accompanied by his wife, will spend the coming Summer in this country and will lecture in various cities.

CHIEF JUSTICE APPLETON, of the Maine Supreme Court, will retire next September, after having filled that position for twenty-one years.

A COMMITTEE of New York merchants and bankers has decided to erect a statue of the late William E. Dodge in some prominent part of the city.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, the ex-Confederate, who has just retired from practice in London, after winning fame and fortune, will accept a judgeship if his health permits.

GENERAL C. P. STONE—Stone Pasha, as he has been called of late years—has returned to this country, having wholly severed his connection with the Khédive's Government.

GILBERT STUART's celebrated painting of General Washington has been replaced in the Connecticut State Senate Chamber, at Hartford, after being thoroughly cleaned.

LOO CHIN GOON, the most popular actor that ever delighted a Chinese audience in San Francisco, has come to New York, where he thinks of starting a Chinese theatre next Fall.

MR. HENRY IRVING will be tendered a public banquet in London on the eve of his departure for America, at which Lord Coleridge, who is also coming hither, will preside.

ROSS WINANS, the American millionaire, now holds in the counties of Ross and Inverness, Scotland, 750 square miles of land exclusively devoted to deer, and desires to extend his preserve.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, in declining a recent invitation to a meeting in Boston, wrote that Mrs. Phillips' illness is such that he is obliged to forego all such pleasures, all visits and meetings.

THE birthplace of Thomas Carlyle, at Ecclefechan, in Scotland, has been purchased by his niece, Mrs. Alexander Aitken Carlyle, who will take steps for the permanent preservation of the edifice.

MISS ANNA OLIVER has resigned the pastorate of the Methodist church in Brooklyn, for which she has been preaching the past four years, because the Conference will not recognize the church so long as it has a woman preacher.

THE Prince of Wales writes the manager of the proposed Louisville (Ky.) Cotton Exposition, acknowledging the receipt of an invitation to attend it (should he come to America this year), but says he has no intention of coming over.

MR. JAMES S. GIBBENS, of Charleston, S. C., has given to that city a fine plot of ground, centrally located, for the speedy erection thereon of a building devoted to the purposes of an Art School and Gallery and Ladies' Free Library.

DANIEL WOODS, who died at Indianapolis a few days ago at the age of 106, served in the British army early in the century, and was one of the guard who accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena, and one of the squad who fired over his grave.

REV. FATHER O'MALLEY, of Oshkosh, Wis., has published a card in which he declares that ex-Senator Tabor's marriage with Miss Elizabeth McConrue is illicit, and without the sanction of the Church, because in 1877 the lady was married to Mr. Doe, who is still living.

THE fifty-second birthday of Lieutenant-general Phil. H. Sheridan, on March 6th, was celebrated by a grand dinner given him by the Union League Club of Chicago, which also celebrated the occasion by presenting him with a splendid equestrian painting of himself by the artist Earle.

DR. EBEN TOURGEE, who sixteen years ago founded the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston, which is now the largest music-school in the world, has presented the institution to the Board of Trustees, who have accepted the gift and will take possession as soon as the necessary legal forms are complied with.

DR. CLEMENCEAU, the distinguished leader of the Extreme Left in the French Chamber of Deputies, was not only teacher of French literature in a Stamford (Conn.) boarding school between the Fall of 1867 and the Summer of 1868, but he won as a wife one of the pupils, Miss Plummer, of Durand, Wis. He returned from France to marry her in 1869.

THE wife of Minister Lowell has but just recovered from the long illness contracted while her husband represented this country at Madrid, and was presented to Queen Victoria at a recent Drawing Room. The Queen, who had offered to receive her privately if she were unable otherwise to attend, greeted her cordially, and afterwards sent for Mr. Lowell to express to him her pleasure at seeing his wife at Court.

THE "International Baby," as the son of General Treviño and his wife, the daughter of General Ord, is called, was christened at Monterey, Mexico, a few days ago, by Monsignor Monter de Oca, Bishop of Nuevo Leon, receiving his father's name, Geronimo. General Diaz, ex-President of Mexico, and his wife, were godfather and godmother. In the evening a ball was given by the citizens to General Diaz, which was one of the most brilliant affairs of its kind in the social history of Monterey.

MR. MORRISON HEADY, the blind and deaf Kentucky poet, has been visiting New Orleans and astonishing his acquaintances there by his extraordinary skill as a chess player. He plays upon a board so contrived that the pieces fit into sockets, and by the aid of touch alone he plans ingenious campaigns, repulses attacks, and analyzes the most intricate situations. A glove upon his hand with the alphabet printed upon it is the medium by which he receives communications. To converse with him one must spell out his words by touching the letters on the glove.

STENATA YAMAKAWA, the talented young Japanese girl, who was president of her Class at Vassar, has returned to her native land and is becoming again accustomed to the ways of living there. She writes that she can eat and dress in Japanese style easily, but she cannot bring herself to arrange her hair in true Japanese fashion. For its proper carrying out it needs a great deal of pomatum, and then, as the Japanese ladies do not arrange their hair oftener than once in two or three days, this practice necessitates their sleeping upon wooden pillows, an uncomfortable arrangement to one unused to it.



# AN IMPOSING STRUCTURE. THE NEW COTTON EXCHANGE IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE City of New Orleans is leaving nothing undone to maintain her preeminence as the commercial metropolis of the South. Her merchants and capitalists, appreciating the great advantages of their position, are in all directions rising to the height of their great opportunity, and, in a spirit of the largest enterprise, are preparing to gather tribute from the vast region of the Mississippi Valley and of the Southwest, Mexico and California, with which their city has direct communication by water and rail.

One of the grandest and most imposing of the many enterprises which have been undertaken in the interest of trade and Southern development, is the new Cotton Exchange, now approaching completion. Of this magnificent structure every citizen of New Orleans is justly proud. For it the community is indebted to the enterprise of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, which was organized early in 1871 for the purpose of combining the scattered elements of the cotton trade, so as to secure the enforcement of such rules and regulations as were required for the protection of all dealers in the staple, and to procure information respecting the condition of the traffic throughout the world. The institution has more than justified the anticipations of its projectors. One of its greatest achievements was the establishment of a system of cotton supervision, which put an effectual stop to the many and gross frauds formerly perpetrated in the transportation of the staple, and now insures to the planter a just return for every pound of cotton which he ships to the city. Another important reform was the inauguration of a system of levee inspection, for the protection of cotton on the landing in course of shipment abroad through officers of the Exchange, commissioned as special policemen, who are stationed on the landing and in every cotton press. The arrangements for securing information regarding cotton are of the most comprehensive character. Daily telegrams are posted, giving the number of bales received, shipped, or sold, with the fluctuations in value, at every important point along the Gulf and the Atlantic, while correspondents are stationed at every point in the cotton belt, and the cotton movements in Europe and India are promptly reported. The extent of this news bureau may be inferred from the fact that over \$30,000 is expended in obtaining and arranging the information.

The manifold advantages of the Exchange speedily secured general support for the enterprise, and its roll now contains the names of nearly five hundred resident and visiting members. The success of



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BUILDING.

the institution is shown by the fact that it has an income from its various departments of about \$125,000, which leaves a handsome surplus every year. This surplus had reached about a quarter of a million dollars in 1881, and it was resolved to devote it to the construction of a building worthy of the Exchange and of the city. A fine site was selected at the corner of Carondelet and Gravier Streets, with a front of 76 feet on the former and a depth of 120 feet. The building has four stories, and the extreme height is 95 feet. The architecture is of the modern French style, and is strikingly in harmony in all its parts. The ground floor will be chiefly occupied by the Exchange, fifty feet wide, while the second floor is mainly devoted to the grand hall, which extends the entire length of the building. All necessary offices and committee rooms are provided on the first floor, and the facilities for the transaction of business are all that could be asked. The third and fourth floors will be rented as offices. The building is constructed of stone furnished by the Halliwell Granite Company, and the interior is finished in hard woods.

One of the attractive features of the building is the rich decorations. The style is pure Renaissance. The drawing is faultless, and the coloring grand, producing a warm glow and harmony which call forth the spectator's admiration. Several leading artists submitted designs for this work, and, after a critical inspection by the committee on decoration, the contract was awarded to the firm of J. B. Sullivan & Bros., of Chicago. These well-known decorators have done full credit to the good judgment of the committee by the fidelity shown in their work.

The estimated cost of the building and site is \$370,000, of which there has been paid up to November 1st last \$285,000. The balance will be covered by the estimated surplus during the current year, and it is hoped to have the bills all paid before 1884. It is expected that the building will be ready for occupancy by May. The Building Committee in charge consists of Thos. D. Miller, Chairman; Ad. Schreiber, Thos. H. Hunt, Perry Nugent, Wm. A. Bell, Victor Meyer and Thomas L. Airey, with J. H. Duggan as Secretary. H. Wolters, of Louisville, Ky., is the architect; and O. Marble, Superintendent of Construction.

The officers of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange for the current year are as follows: President, John Phelps; Vice-President, Gilbert H. Green; Treasurer, Adolphe Schreiber; Superintendent and Secretary, Henry G. Hester; Assistant Secretary, R. H. Lea; Assistant Superintendent, Alfred Bertus; Secretary Supervision Department, R. C. Kerr. Board of Directors: Henry Newman, H. A. Frederic, Charles Wernicke, I. E. Glenny, Charles E. Black, R. M. Wainwright, S. O. Thomas, J. J. Stewart, E. Algeyer, W. Muller,



INTERIOR OF THE EXCHANGE.

LOUISIANA.—THE NEW BUILDING OF THE NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE, NOW APPROACHING COMPLETION.  
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.



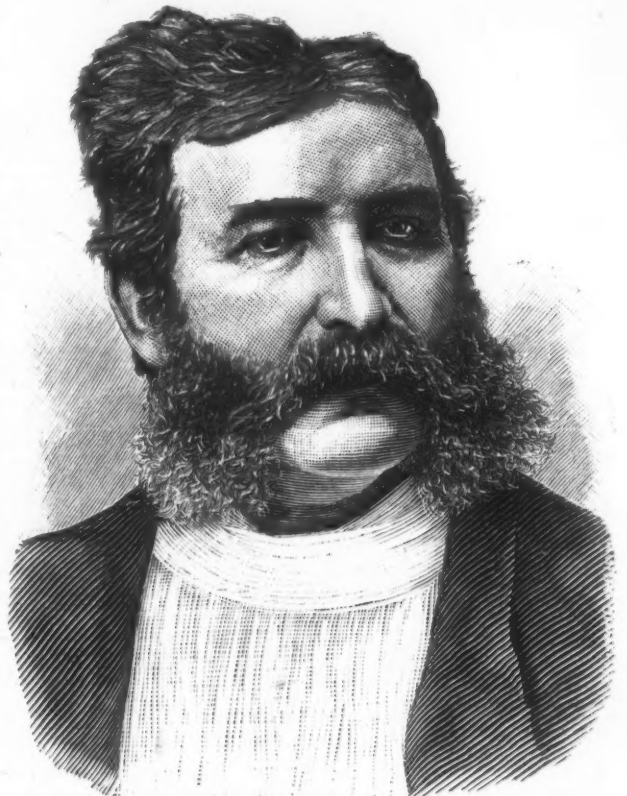


NEW YORK.—JOHN FOORD, EDITOR OF THE BROOKLYN "UNION-ARGUS."  
PHOTOGRAPH BY SABONY.

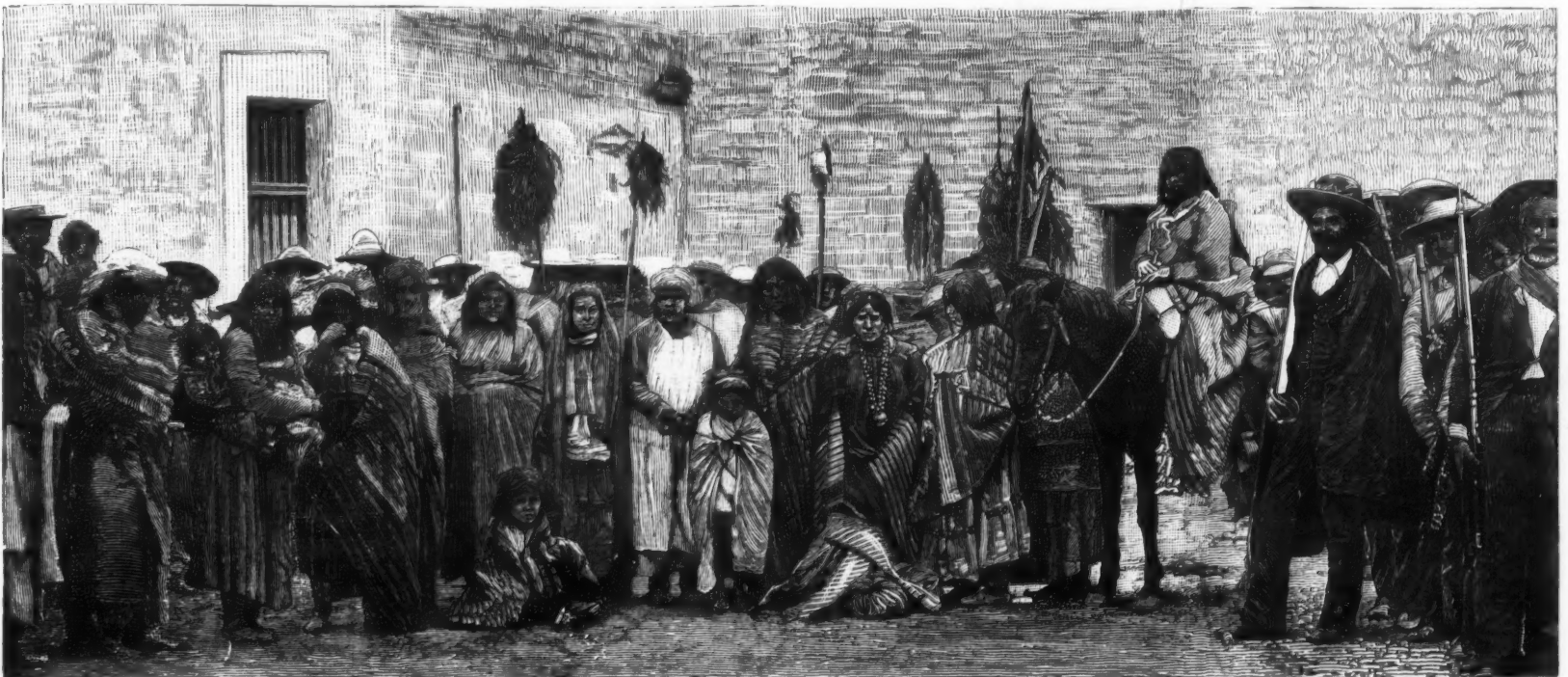
the convenience of its arrangements, the tastefulness of its finish, and the completeness of its appointments. Should the accomplished architect, Mr. Walters, never plan or erect another structure, this will constitute a sufficient and enduring monument of his superior ability and taste.

MR. JOHN FOORD, JOURNALIST.

MR. JOHN FOORD, the new editor of the Brooklyn *Union-Argus*, was born in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1842. He began his journalistic career while yet a very young man, being employed on several Scotch and North of England newspapers. As a traveling correspondent he visited Belgium, France and Germany, and his letters are said to have attracted great attention by their freshness of view and original observations on a well trodden field. In 1868 he went to London, where he had a brief connection, as editorial contributor, with one or two newspapers; but his heart was set on the new republic beyond the seas, and early in 1869 he embarked for New York. His first work in the United States was the contribution of editorial matter to the columns of the *New York Times* and the *Tribune*. In the latter part of 1869 he was appointed to the post of Brooklyn reporter for the *Times*, which place he held until he was called to an editorial position on the regular staff of the paper, Mr. L. J. Jennings being then the editor-in-chief. During the struggle against the Tweed Ring, in which the *Times* soon after became engaged, Mr. Foord did distinguished and telling work. His accurate knowledge of municipal affairs and his tenacity of purpose served him in good stead, and his share of the labor, although necessarily confined to the privacy of the editorial room, was of the greatest value. It may be claimed for Mr. Foord that he contributed handsomely to the campaign which brought the Tweed Ring down to ruin. In 1876 Mr. Jennings withdrew from the management of the *Times*, and was succeeded by Mr. Foord, then the senior editorial writer on the staff, many changes having meantime occurred. As a newspaper editor Mr. Foord has won the respect and cordial regard of his associates, both by his gentle manners and his firm grasp of the details of the complex duties devolving upon the chief of a great journal. Under his direction the *Times* has won an enviable name for fearlessness, courage, honesty, fairness and ability. Its editorial columns have been absolutely free from everything that would stain a journalistic record, and the general tone of the paper has been lofty and singularly pure. Mr. Foord takes with him to his new field of usefulness a ripe experience and a reputation only to be acquired by years of faithful and arduous service in one of the most exacting callings of the present age.



REV. HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, D.D., ASSISTANT BISHOP OF THE P. E. DIOCESE OF MISSISSIPPI.  
PHOTO. BY WASHBURN.



MEXICO.—APACHE INDIAN PRISONERS RECENTLY CAPTURED IN THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS, AND NOW AT CHIHUAHUA.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MIQUEL WHALING.—SEE PAGE 74.

Paul Schwarz, John W. Labouisse; Chief Supervisor, T. O. Sully; Chief Levee Inspector, J. H. McCartney.  
There is no building in the South which at all compares with this new Exchange, and, indeed, there are few in the country which are superior to it in its substantial, imposing proportions,



CANADA.—E. STONE WIGGINS, LL.D.  
PHOTO. BY SPARKS.—SEE PAGE 75.

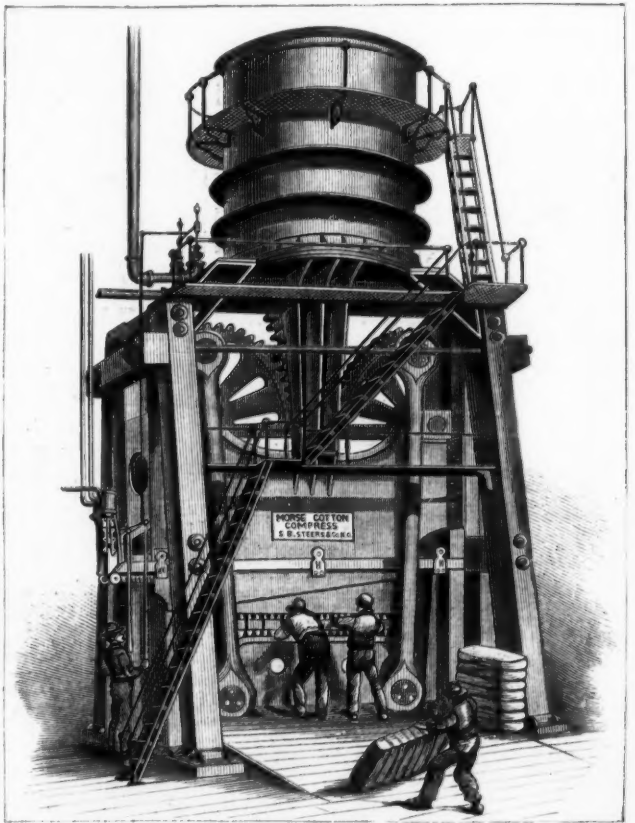
REV. HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, D.D.,  
ASSISTANT BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF MISSISSIPPI.

REV. HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, D.D., who has recently been elected Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Mississippi, has ranked for years as one of the most conspicuous divines of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. Born in Londonderry, Ireland, in June, 1830, and coming to this country when only six years old, he for a time pursued his studies privately. In 1852 he was graduated in theology at the Seminary at Nashotah, Wis., and, having been made a deacon in the Episcopal Church, four years later became a priest, and located at Portage City as rector of St. John's Church. Subsequently he was located at Kenosha, Wis., and Galena, Ill., and in 1860 accepted the Professorship of Church History at Nashotah, where he remained until 1871, when he became rector of St. James's, Chicago, remaining there until January, 1872, when he removed to New York city to accept the rectorship of Christ Church. In this field he at once became prominent on account of his ability and eloquence as a pulpit orator, and his gifts as a man of learning and of large and catholic views. Preaching extemporaneously, his discourses displayed all the power and finish of the most carefully elaborated essay, joined to a sparkle and freshness which held the attention of the listener with a sort of fascination. Dr. Thompson's influence while rector of Christ Church was widely felt throughout the metropolis, and very general regret was manifested when, in obedience to a sense of duty, he, some years ago, accepted the rectorship of Trinity Church, New Orleans. His labors in that city have been marked by the same earnestness and devotion which distinguished his services in New York, and his acceptance of the office of Assistant Bishop of Mississippi has occasioned the same profound regret among the people of Trinity as was shown by his parishioners in New York upon his removal to that parish. Dr. Thompson's consecration occurred on the 24th ult., and was attended by imposing ceremonies.

Dr. Thompson was for many years connected with the *Church Press*, and has published several volumes which have attracted wide attention.

A WONDERFUL COMPRESSOR.

THE Morse Cotton-compressor, of which we give an illustration on this page, is undoubtedly one of the most wonderful, as it is one of the most useful, inventions of the age. Being capable of exerting a net pressure on the bale of five million pounds, it contributes directly to an economy of space and freight charges, and thus adds to the value of every crop sent to market. Those only who have witnessed its operations can realize the tremendous and resistless power of this marvelous machine.



A WONDERFUL INVENTION.—THE NEW MORSE COTTON-COMPRESSOR.



G. M. D.

A MEDLEY, A MYSTERY, A MARVEL AND A MIRACLE.

## THE STORY OF A DREAM.

"Get money honestly if you can, but get money," was a foolish father's advice to his son. Get money, if you can honestly, makes but a slight alteration in the order of the words, but varies the sentiment considerably. There is no harm in making money. It answereth all things. Used rightly it is a power for good, and there is money enough in the world to form a lever by which the mass of humanity could be lifted, to a certain extent, out of its depths of sorrow and despair. Money we must have, for money makes the mare go. Some can make money who have no facility for saving. Would you save, you must know how to deny those who would borrow and never repay, as well as those who beg simply because they are too lazy to work. There are men who never want to see you except to ask the favor of a loan. They will ask for just one word with you, and that one word is sure to be money. An impecunious fellow met a rich acquaintance, and not liking to ask directly for a loan, said, "Friend Smith, if you had ten dollars in your pocket and I was to ask you for the loan of five, how many would remain in your pocket?" "Ten dollars, to be sure," replied the rich man, without a moment's hesitation. He had gunpowder, and knew too much to part with his money by any such rule of subtraction.

O I see, said the impecunious man thus rebuffed. He was able to owe. He was one of the Micawber sort—always waiting for something to turn up. How like some people who are sick. They think to get well by letting disease take care of itself. But diseases do not heal themselves, and too late their victims full often find this out to their sorrow as death seizes upon them. Had they been wise in time they might have added many years to their lease of life. The man was rich then, as it is rich to all who read this medley. These paragraphs tell the story, as a patient perusal will prove. Those who have been insight and can read between the lines may solve the conundrum the sooner for it, but upon all, light will dawn ere they read the final word of our story.

Light will dawn, we said, and so it will, light of hope and help. Light is what a certain individual wanted. Mr. Jones we will call him. He was very sick. Consumption had fastened its fangs upon him. He had long neglected catarrh, and laughed at the idea of taking anything for it when advised to do so, and so went from bad to worse. His lungs became diseased, a hacking, churchyard cough racked him almost to pieces, and he was fast wasting away. A mere shadow of his former self, he scarcely slept at all at night, or slept only to dream horrible dreams. Talk of nightmare! A whole circus troupe, horses and all, seemed to make his bed the arena of their wild performances. In this case money did not make the mare go, for he spent a deal of money on doctors and physics, and was nothing bettered. He ate little, and was fast going down to an untimely grave, leaving his wife a widow and his four bright children orphans. When, on one eventful night he dreamed for once a bright and happy dream, which our next paragraph will relate.

Death, the black-visaged monster, had until then stared him in the face, but the dream brought him hope. He saw a bright, white-robed angel in his dream, who said, "I come to bring you good news. Here is your cure—sure, safe, harmless, prompt, and reliable. Get well and seek to take health thereby to others. Behold the cure!" With these words the angel was gone, but ere the trail of light which followed him had vanished, the dreamer saw glittering in the light three golden letters—G. M. D. "What can it mean?" he said to himself, as he awoke from his slumber. "I have had a Good Many Dreams before, but never such as this." Startled and surprised, he aroused his wife, and to her related his vision. Alas, she could not solve the problem. Remembering all the medical advice, and the physic, and the expense involved since her husband became sick, she expressed the hope that the letters were not intended to suggest that a Good Many Doctors must yet be consulted in addition to all that had been interviewed. He groaned in reply, and remarked that if he had to consult any more, there would have to be a Gold Mine discovered in order to pay them.

Every day for a week he and his faithful spouse searched diligently for a key to the problem. In the dictionary, in such newspapers as they happened to have, in books, on placards on the walls—everywhere they sought—hoping to find a clue. Letters stand for words, and they hoped to light upon the words that should suggest the cure. They Grieved Many Days over their lack of good luck, as they said, and the Good Man Dreamed again and again, but saw no more angels. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. "Oh, that the angel had Guided Me Definitely and Given More Directions!" he exclaimed, again and again.

Nearly two weeks had elapsed since the night of the Great Mysterious Dream, when there came to the house a pamphlet. Tired with his exhausting office work, which he still pursued, determining, if possible, to die in the harness, Jones was about to throw the pamphlet in the fire when something prompted him to examine it. Surely, thought he, here can be nothing that will Pierce this Gloom Most Distressing, or Give Me, Disheartened, any relief. Poor man, he had worked letters over in his mind, and made so many combinations with them, that they occurred in almost every sentence he uttered. They entered even into his prayers. Heaven Grant Me Deliverance, he would say, nor let disease Grind Me Down, and so forth, *ad infinitum*, and a mile or two beyond.

Mentally tortured and suffering in every fibre of his body, what wonder that he read page after page of the pamphlet. It was a work on diseases, and in the morbid state of his mind its contents seemed to suit him. It spoke of almost every disease that flesh is heir to, but oh, joy! as he read, a glimpse Most Delightful of light stole in upon him. "Eureka! Eureka!" he cried. "Wife, I have it. I have it."

Everybody in the house heard him cry Eureka, and rushed to the room to hear what he had found. All expected to see some Great Miracle Done, and then came the explanation. Simple of course, but why had he not thought of it before? Oh, what a revelation! Here was hope for him and for all consumptives. Here, hope for suffering friends and neighbors. That night he scarce could sleep, but when he did, he again saw a bright vision of golden letters, in fact, a Glittering Monogram Deciphered readily, and reading G. M. D.; and again P. P. P., and yet again P. P., and one huge P. around which these others were entwined, and then W. D. M. A. All the letters blended, yet each was distinct. All he had seen in the book, all he again saw in his vision.

Dream Most Glorious. D. M. G.—G. M. D.—Again he rang the changes; backward, forward, every way. Gold Medal Deserved. M. G. D.—Misery's Great Deliverer—till time would fail to tell them all. P. P. P. stood for Perfect Peace Promised for sufferers, and sweet release from Prostrating Purgatorial Pains. And again P. P. was Freedom Promised, and backward P. F. it became Pain Fleece. Now he could get well, and once well, he would be a missionary. A Glad Missionary Devoted to the work of telling others how they might get deliverance. He went through the list of diseases among those of his own acquaintance, from John Robinson, whose torpid liver gave him constant headache and severe bilious attacks, on through the list of those suffering from ulcers, coughs, weak and diseased lungs, to his friend, General B——, who was as near the grave as he. And for all these, as well as for himself, the Grave May Disappear from present vision, and each may be Given More Decades of life than they had hoped to have years. Against the milder cases he marked P. P. P. Against the serious cases

he marked G. M. D., not the Grizzly Monster Death, which he so long had dreaded, but something—oh, so much better, as we shall presently see. In a short while our hero was well and went everywhere among his friends and neighbors telling of his good fortune and showing the sick and the suffering how they might be healed. Some laughed and continued to suffer, refusing to be healed. More were wise, took his counsel and proved his vision of the night as he had done.

"A vision, less beguiling far, Than waking dreams by daylight are."

Can anything be more delightful than health after sickness? To be a well man, to feel pure blood coursing through your veins, to know that lungs, liver, kidneys, and all the Grand Machinery, does its duty perfectly in one's body; to carry health's ruddy mark on the cheeks. Ah, this is Good Most Decidedly. This was our hero's case, and thousands can tell the same story. The good angel has come to them. They have seen the letters Gloom Most Distinctly before their eyes, and Going Most Definitely to work in pursuing the instructions given, they have recovered that great blessing—Health. G. M. D. has been to them a channel of good, Good Mysteriously Done, and they have bid their sick friends do what all the sick should do, namely, put themselves in communication with the W. D. M. A., which Done Most Assuredly will put them in the Way Desired Most Anxiously.

Alas, that human nature is so slow to believe—alas, that men and women are bowed down with the burden of complaints, of which they might be rid—consumption, bronchitis, dyspepsia, heart disease, kidney disease, malarial complaints, scrofulous diseases, skin diseases, tumors, ulcers, and many more. It would seem as though some ill deity had given every letter of the alphabet as many diseases as it could possibly desire, thus forming an alphabet of sorrow, suffering and woe. Happy they who the Great Mystery Discerning, have escaped the clutches of sad diseases.

Looking back upon his past experience, Mr. Jones feels Grateful Most Decidedly, and continues telling the old story of his sickness, his vision, and his restoration to health; for all the sick are not well yet. But he has had the pleasure of seeing, as he says, Good Miraculously Done to hundreds upon his personal recommendation.

Dear reader, bear with us a while if light has not soon be revealed. If the key be not on your right hand it is at least on your left, in letters that are as daylight. A Good Many Delighted have discovered it and opened the portal to a long life and a useful one.

Initials of words that stand for all that is sorrowful and sad, letters, the self-same letters, are often initials of words that breathe of hope and benediction.

Search but a while and you will find the boon, the blessing and the benefit. The mystery of the three P's, of the F. P., of the G. M. D., and of the W. D. M. A., Will Dawn Most Auspiciously upon you.

Columbus discovered America and won high honor and immortal fame, and they who have learned the secrets of the wonder before your eyes, good reader, Give Most Delightful testimonials of their gratitude.

Of all sad words of tongue and pen, the saddest are these—it might have been; so sayeth the poet. When we think of the myriads that might have been saved from untimely graves had they seen Mr. Jones's vision and sought his way to health, we feel sad. Yet we cannot but rejoice at the Great Many Delivered from death's door by G. M. D., and that Pain's Positive Persecution have been escaped again and again by P. P. P.

Virtues unnumbered, sorrows to be glad of, the greatest Mercy Deigned by favoring providences for the relief of sufferers, and its discoverer feels P. P. P.—Perfectly Pardonable Pride in telling of the Growing Multitude Delivered from the Grasp Most Dreadful of Greedy Mournful Death.

Every sick person is interested in the theme before us, and every well person, too, for who does not know some one who is sick and needs, therefore, the good news of health that is Given Many Daily.

Reader, mystified here, we will detail you no longer. Perhaps you have guessed Most Deftly the hidden meaning. P. P. P., you know, stands for PLEASANT PURGATIVE PELLETS, curing constipation, torpidity of the liver, headache, and many other complaints. F. P., of course, is Dr. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION that has proved such a P. F., PRIME FAVORITE and PRECIOUS FRIEND to ladies; safe, easy to take, working like a charm—curing the peculiar weaknesses incident to their sex. The letters W. D. M. A. stand for the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, at Buffalo, N. Y., with its imposing structures, its army of medical men, specialists all of them, and its President, Dr. R. V. PRINCE (the large and central P. of Mr. Jones's second vision), all at the service of the sick and suffering, everywhere; while G. M. D. is—well, read the initials of the paragraphs of this article and you will see that G. M. D. is GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, the boon of the diseased. This wonderful medicine cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple, or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever-sores, scaly or rough skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, boils, chancres, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands. Consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this sovereign and golden remedy, if taken before the last stages are reached. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption night-sweats, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. For indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver, or "biliousness," Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

You will do well if afflicted with any chronic disease to write to the Association for advice, describing your malady as well as you can. Many cases are successfully treated through correspondence, and no fees are charged for consultation. For one dollar and a half you can secure a copy of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," sent post-paid to your address. Its purchase will repay you. In this is Given More Desirable information than you can find in any other work of a similar nature.

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"Yes, sir," says the Deadwood man, "Parson Rounder is a saint. He's always ready to sacrifice himself. He threw down a straight bush hand the other night to go and pray with a dying man who sent for him. I call that true martyrdom."

"Be candid, doctor," said the patient, when found with a bottle of Dr. BELL'S COUGH SYRUP. "You know it is a good medicine," and the M. D. left in disgust.

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INDIGESTION FROM OVERWORK.

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AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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THERE is nothing more serviceable or oftener needed in the family than a reliable liniment for sprains, bruises, etc. The *Journal* does not puff an unreliable liniment for the sake of an advertise ment. We do not believe in that kind of practice. But the *Journal* does take pleasure in calling attention to an article that has been advertised for many months in its columns, and which we personally in dorse as reliable and unsurpassed as a liniment. We do this the more readily from our personal knowledge of its beneficial results when used. We refer to DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT.

It is pronounced by thousands the best "PAIN DESTROYER" in the market for CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, MUSQUITO BITES, CUTS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, OLD SORES, PAINS IN THE LIMBS, BACK, AND CHEST, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, FRECKLES, AND STIFFNESS IN THE JOINTS and contraction of the muscles. Taken internally in cases of DYSENTERY, DIARRHEA, SEA SICKNESS, CHOLERA, CROUP, COLIC, CRAMP AND SICK HEADACHE, its SOOTHING AND PENETRATING qualities are immediately felt. It is a perfectly harmless medicine. We have been led to speak in what may seem extravagant terms of its effects and reliability; but we assure our readers that it IS JUST WHAT WE HAVE REPRESENTED IT.

Its fame has been established for nearly forty years, and it is one of the STANDARD PREPARATIONS of pharmacy, and is widely used. For horses, DR. TOBIAS'S HORSE LINIMENT is put up in pint bottles, and he also prepares the celebrated DERBY POWDERS. The price of the Family Liniment is 25 and 50 cents per bottle, and is for sale by all druggists. The Horse Liniment costs 90 cents per pint bottle; the Derby Powders, 25 cents per box.—*Lafayette Journal*, March 11.

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WANTED.—Information of Joseph Odum, a native of Milton, Vt. Address, CHARLES C. ODUM, Havelock, Vickers P. O., Province of Quebec, Canada.

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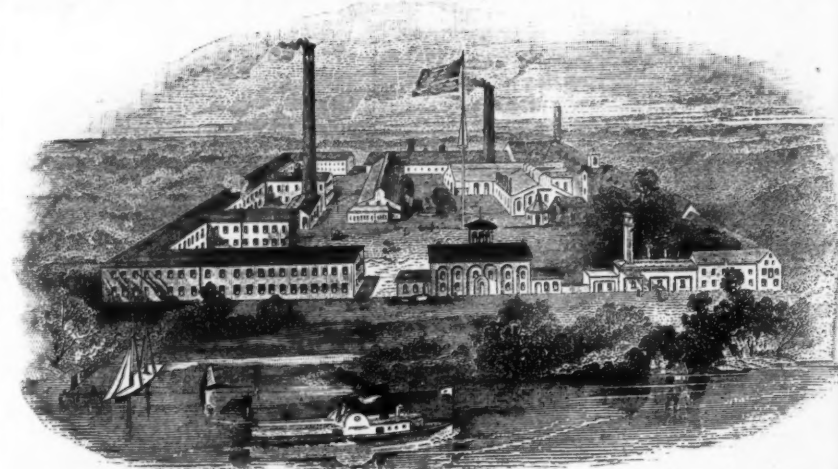
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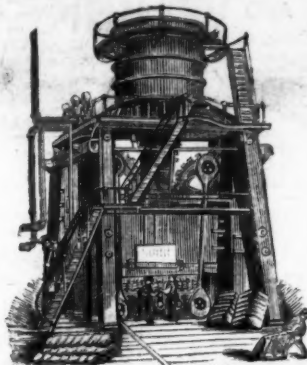
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It is the most powerful compressor in the world. It is capable of exerting a net pressure on the bale of FIVE MILLION POUNDS, reducing an ordinary bale of cotton to six inches in thickness (measured in the press).

It has loaded the largest cargo, per ton measurement, ever taken by a SAIL VESSEL, from any American port.

It has loaded the largest cargo, per ton measurement, ever taken in single bales, by a STEAMSHIP from an American port. Forty have been sold since its introduction five years ago. In the last two years more than four times as many as all other compressors combined in the United States.

ABOUT ONE-HALF THE ENTIRE COTTON CROP IS NOW COMPRESSED BY MORSE COMPRESSORS. There are ten New Morse Compressors in New Orleans, now doing about seven-twelfths of the whole business. Several of those first erected (about five years ago) have now each compressed 500,000 to 600,000 bales, without defect or appreciable wear.

Its marvelous success is well grounded, because:

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2. It has fewer points in motion, consequently less wear and friction than any other.
3. Their immense weight and strength make them the cheapest in use in the end, because the most durable, and always ready for the "rush" of business.
4. Its wedge-shaped rack and cycloidal rotors secure a progressive leverage nicely adjusted to overcome the increasing density of the bale.
5. It is annually saving hundreds of thousands of dollars in freight charges, and adding the same to the value of each crop.

Those wanted for the beginning of next season should be ordered at once.

Address the sole proprietor, S. B. STEERS, New Orleans.



For Sale by all Leading Dealers.

### PEARLS IN THE MOUTH



[BEAUTY & FRAGRANCE]  
ARE COMMUNICATED TO THE MOUTH BY

### SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth white, the gums soft and the breath sweet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth and prevents decay.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

### BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER &amp; CO., Dorchester, Mass.

### The B. & O.

THE PICTURESQUE LINE OF AMERICA.

Solid trains through without change. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington to Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago. The Baltimore & Ohio is the only route between the East and West via Washington. Secure copy of "PICTURESQUE B. & O.," the finest illustrated work ever issued in this country. Through Sleepers, Dining Cars, Parlor Cars.

W. M. CLEMENTS, Master of Transportation.  
C. K. LORD, General Passenger Agent.





SUGGESTION FOR A NEW COAT-OF-ARMS FOR TENNESSEE.

"NASHVILLE, TENN., March 15th.—The Bill to settle the State debt at 50 cents on the dollar at 3 per cent interest passed the Senate to-day as it came from the House of Representatives. It now awaits the signature of the Governor."—*Press Dispatch.*

## FAIRBANKS' STANDARD SCALES,



Coffee Mills, Money Drawers,

Warehouse Trucks, Letter Presses,

Hancock Inspirators.

**FAIRBANKS & CO.,**

53 Camp St., New Orleans.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Dry Goods Delivered Free!

**E. J. DENNING & CO.,**

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Hereafter all Dry Goods bought of us will be delivered at any accessible part of the United States

**FREE OF ALL MAIL**

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Thus enabling purchasers to receive goods at the same prices as if bought at our counters in person.

Orders received by mail for Goods or Samples will have our prompt and careful attention.

Broadway, 4th Av., 9th &amp; 10th Sts.,

**NEW YORK.**

**THE STEMWINDING** Permutation. Drawer and Closet Lock for all offices. In construction and movement different from and greatly superior to any other Dial Lock. Owner may use any 4, 3, 2 or 1 of its fifty numbers. Millions of combinations available. Nickel plated. Send \$2.50 for sample by mail. D. K. MILLER LOCK CO., Phila., Pa.

**BEST MADE DRIVING GLOVES.**

Manufactured from Kid, Calf and Dogskin: Unlined, Lined and Fur-trimmed; and warranted by the manufacturer, J. C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N.Y.

## ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

INDIA SHAWLS AT RETAIL.

Beg to announce to their customers and the public that their Spring importation of India Camel's Hair Shawls now on exhibition will be found the most extensive and valuable collection of these desirable goods yet offered, and will be marked at such prices as cannot fail to interest purchasers.

Broadway and 19th St.,  
**NEW YORK.**A Real Watch—A Reliable Timekeeper.  
**THE WATERBURY WATCH.**

This is a recent invention, and a triumph of American inventive genius. It is recommended by Prof. Dwight, of Vassar College, as keeping better time than a silver watch that cost seven times as much. The case is nickel silver, which wears clean and white. Upon receipt of \$3.50 I will send by registered mail, to any address in the U. S., one of the above-mentioned watches, which I will warrant a good, reliable timekeeper. Liberal discount will be made to clubs and trade. Address all communications to

**E. H. BROWN,**Wholesale & Retail Dealer in Watches & Jewelry,  
14 Maiden Lane, New York City.

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**KEY THAT** AND NOT WEAR OUT.  
**SOLD** by Watchmakers. By Mail, 25 cts. Circulars FREE. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 33 Dey St., N. Y.

**RAWSON'S (Self-Adjusting) U. S. ARMY****SUSPENSORY BANDAGE.**A Perfect Fit Guaranteed—Support, Relief, Comfort.  
**AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTABLE.**

DISPLACEMENT IMPOSSIBLE.

Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular Mailed Free. Sold by Druggists. Sent by mail safely. R. E. G. RAWSON, Patentee, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

JNO. C. LATHAM, Jr. R. P. SALTER. H. E. ALEXANDER.

C. G. MILLER, Special.

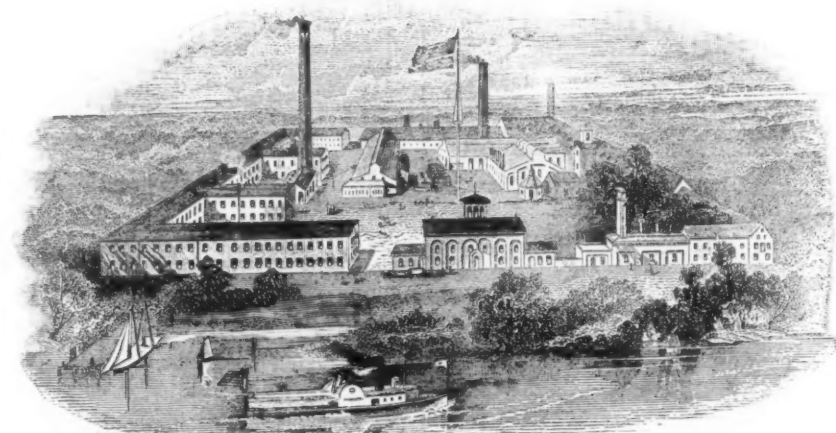
## LATHAM, ALEXANDER & CO., BANKERS,

16 &amp; 18 Wall St.,

NEW YORK.

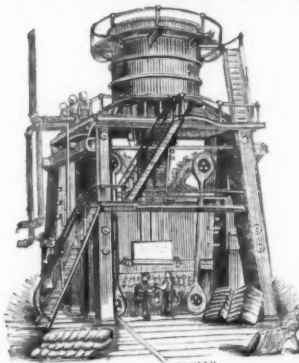
STOCKTON BATES,  
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## BRIDESBURG MANUFACTURING CO.



BUILDERS of all Kinds of **TEXTILE MACHINERY.** Office: 201 Chestnut St.,  
Estimates for Mills and Plans for same, with all details, furnished  
by the best Mill Engineers, at reasonable prices. **PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

### New Morse COTTON COMPRESSOR



May now be said to be without a Competitor.

It is the most powerful compressor in the world. It is capable of exerting a net pressure on the bale of FIVE MILLION POUNDS, reducing an ordinary bale of cotton to six inches in thickness (measured in the press).

It has loaded the largest cargo, per ton measurement, ever taken by a SAIL VESSEL from any American port.

It has loaded the largest cargo, per ton measurement, ever taken in single bales, by a STEAMSHIP from an American port. Forty have been sold since its introduction five years ago. In the last two years more than four times as many as all other compressors combined in the United States. ABOUT ONE-HALF THE ENTIRE COTTON CROP IS NOW COMPRESSED BY MORSE COMPRESSORS. There are ten New Morse Compressors in New Orleans, now doing about seven-twelfths of the whole business. Several of those first erected (about five years ago) have now each compressed 500,000 to 600,000 bales, without defect or appreciable wear.

Its marvelous success is well grounded, because:

1. It is by far simplest in construction, therefore least liable to disorder or breakage.
2. It has fewer points in motion, consequently less wear and friction than any other.
3. Their immense weight and strength make them the cheapest in use in the end, because the most durable, and always ready for the "rush" of business.
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W. M. CLEMENTS, Master of Transportation.  
C. K. LORD, General Passenger Agent.



## THE FRANK LESLIE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

## ITS HISTORY AND ACHIEVEMENTS.

## ITS ART AND LITERARY STAFF.

## THE METHODS OF PRODUCING ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE.

FRANK LESLIE was not only the founder but the pioneer of pictorial literature. When, thirty years ago, he commenced his task, America, comparatively speaking, possessed no engraver and no artist, and to create an illustrated literature under such circumstances was the undertaking of an apparently hopeless task. Beginning in humble quarters in Spruce Street, the business was removed to Frankfort, thence to Chatham, and in 1863 to the large building on the corner of Pearl and Elm streets, which was soon overflowed, compelling another removal. In May, 1878, to the present location on the corner of Park and College Place. This building, four stories, of iron and marble front, is most conveniently situated, and is devoted in every part to the business which gives it the name of Frank Leslie's Publishing House. Appreciating the general interest of this house, we present in this issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER illustrations and sketches which may give our patrons some idea of what we are, what we do, and how we do it. To picture and describe adequately the daily life and diversified industry, mental and manual, of a large publishing house, may involve details, technical and perhaps tedious, but for these we plead the subject as our excuse.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House is now the busy centre from which is issued four weekly, four monthly and three annual publications, engaging in their production the constant services of over four hundred employees in the several departments, together with a large number of artists, authors and contributors, whose work, done elsewhere, is here given to the world. Perhaps no better idea of the practical operations of this great establishment can be gained than to follow a picture in its progress from the artist's hand to the printed page which will carry it to the furthest corner of the globe. The Art Department occupies a large and well-lighted room on the College Place or west side of the building, on the second floor; and upon entering, the visitor sees around him on every side statues, busts, statuettes, drawings—grotesque and otherwise—a small armory of weapons, draperies, piles of boxwood blocks, paints, pencils and all the implements of the craft. The pictures, first drawn upon paper in outline, are transferred to Turkey boxwood, then carefully finished with pencil and brush, when they are ready for the hands of the engravers. By an ingenious system of bolts, the small blocks of boxwood about two inches square are united into a solid and perfectly compact block of any desired size, sometimes as large even as four pages of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. By this means a great saving of time can be made by enabling as many as forty artists and engravers to work at the same time upon the same picture. It is no infrequent thing to find an important picture of some late event on the day of publication divided among a score or more of artists and engravers, each intent upon his share of that which, combined and completed, will be a strong and effective picture. By means of the divisible blocks, the entire pages of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER can be drawn and engraved in eight hours.

## THE ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT.

A drawing may be very carefully made on the wood, but it has to run the gantlet of the engraver's knife, and by it many an admirable sketch is ruthlessly massacred. Frank Leslie has a staff of the best engravers in the United States—the very cream of the profession; and following the block from the Art Department, we ascend to the apartment immediately overhead, where we find the engravers eating their way into the hard boxwood, and reproducing, in wondrous cuts and cross-cuts, the effects of light and shade which the artist has just rendered with his pencil. The block, as a whole picture, ascends to the Engraving Department, the chief of which, after examination, unbolts it, and then distributes the small blocks throughout the staff according to the special talent of each engraver. In this large room—opposite benches close to the light, on the bench a leather cushion, on the cushion the block, with shades over the eyes, and "gravers" picks and knives and tools of every sort, shape, size and description in their right hands—sit the silent engravers, absorbed in their work, which demands the closest attention, for one false cut, one slip of the tool, and the injured portion of the drawing has to be remade, the block plugged and re-engraved. As each engraver finishes his task, he brings the section of the block on which he has been engaged to the chief, who, when all the blocks are collected, rebolts the picture, and sends it again up-stairs to the

## COMPOSING ROOM.

where it is taken and, with the accompanying type, "made-up" in a page. In the Frank Leslie establishment every page is separately electrotyped, the type never being printed from.

One of the most interesting features of the mechanism of an illustrated newspaper is

## THE ELECTROTYPING.

A page of type-matter, or of woodcut, or both, is locked in a chase, carefully examined, and thoroughly cleaned, after which it is dusted over with a fine quality of plumbago, and then placed on the bed of a hydraulic press, capable of a pressure of ninety-three tons. Thoroughly bedded in wax is poured on a brass plate, and after cooling down to a proper temperature and being dusted over with a camel's hair brush, is placed carefully over the page and run under the platen of the press, and when precisely in the centre, the bed is pumped up and the impression taken on the wax—a fac-simile of the type or cut to be printed. The most minute imperfections are then carefully searched out and removed. Then follow the trimming down, the cutting the connectors through the wax to the brass underneath to admit the passage of the electric current, the "building up," i. e., making the open space between the lines and those on the wood cut in relief. Then by the general process it is transferred to the black-leading machine, where black lead is beaten into the bowl of the letters, but by an operation known to themselves, this black-leading the cases is all done away with, thus saving time and labor.

The face of the mold is now washed, the air excluded, the connections brightened and the mold covered with a solution of copper and iron filings, leaving a deposit of copper on the surface of the wax. The mold is now hung in a large precipitating trough, capable of holding eighty-five to one hundred molds, each hung on a trap-rod one inch in diameter, facing a copper-plate, 20x28 inches, and half an inch thick. The electric machine used for depositing this shell of copper on the mold is one of Weston's patent, being the largest and most powerful in existence, capable of turning out electric plates in thirty minutes, and they have by this machine turned out three sets, or forty-eight pages of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, in three hours, which, without this powerful machine, would require fully a day to complete. Lifted from

the trough, the copper shell is separated from the mold by the use of boiling water (which melts the wax), and by using a solution of potash, the shell is thoroughly cleaned, and after being washed off with clear water a solution of chloride of zinc is put on the back, so as to solder the copper shell to the metal; it is then ready for the metal block to bring it up to the regular thickness, or height, of a plate for printing from. The shell—about the thickness of card-board paper—is laid upon its face on a smooth slab and soldering fluid brushed over it; then it is laid in the backing-pan, face downwards, where it receives the tinfoil and the molten type metal, till the back is of proper thickness. The pages are then sawed apart, shaven, dressed, straightened, given the finishing touches, and then sent to the press-room.

The process of stereotyping is more simple and better known than electrotyping, as most of the lead papers in the country are printed from stereotyped plates. Mr. Crane, the skillful chief of this department, has made many improvements in this latter process, but in electrotyping he is the acknowledged leader in the country. Mr. Crane makes curved electro-plates for rotary presses, and holds a patent upon this process. He expects in a few months' time to produce electrotype in a quicker time than stereotyping is done to-day.

From the Electrotyping Room the plates—we have bidden adieu to the boxwood block—are sent down to the

## PRESS ROOM.

where it is adjusted to the press in waiting to receive it in a remorseless embrace. The engine, that is the first great cause of the whirling, and quivering, and rumbling, so important a factor in imparting instruction and amusement to millions, is of 150 horse-power. There are two press-rooms, the number of presses being sixteen, six of which are perfecting presses—that is, presses with capacity to print both sides of a sheet of paper at the same instant, tossing it with the most sublime ease 3,000 sheets an hour, illustrations and all. From 5,000 to 8,000 tokens, of 250 impressions each, are printed each week, bringing the quantity of paper used in each year, if stretched lengthwise, to the breath-taking figure of 8,371 miles, and if printed on both sides, to 16,742 miles.

The head of this department is Mr. Joseph L. Firm, whose Anti-Offset Press has given him a reputation as an inventor. The use of these "set-off" sheets in the old style of presses very materially increased the cost of printing illustrated papers, because it involved, practically, the feeding and handling of twice as many sheets as were printed. The Anti-Offset Press occupies much less room on the floor than the old style, and it requires only one person to feed it. Indeed, the feeding itself may be done automatically, if desired, by the employment of a web or continuous roll of white paper. The device can also be readily attached to any form of cylinder press.

## MRS. LESLIE'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

Returning to the starting-point of our tour of inspection, the visitor will not fail to notice the large, well-lighted and ventilated editorial room occupying nearly the entire Park Place front of the building, one of the most convenient, bright and cheery of all the numerous editorial rooms of the metropolis. Opening out of the main editorial room and still along the Park Place front, is the private office of Mrs. Leslie, the living head and presiding genius of the entire establishment. A peep within its walls will discover a rare and attractive combination of the surroundings of a woman of refined and cultured taste, and of active business habits. A bronze and life-like medallion of the late Mr. Frank Leslie, founder of the house which perpetuates his name, occupies the post of honor, and upon the walls are pictures and sketches by artists formerly upon the staff, now famed and eminent. Upon the desk before Mrs. Leslie are, however, all the evidences of business. Manuscripts, sketches, contracts, cheques, postal orders, and the hundreds of details which are involved in the many departments of the great enterprise, all pass under her hands, and it is her personal signature which concludes every contract and appears upon every cheque. The reception of many callers who come upon all sort of errands, and frequent conferences with the heads of the various departments with whom Mrs. Leslie is always in immediate communication, and through whom she personally directs the details of the establishment, occupy every moment of her extremely busy day. Every employee of the establishment, however humble, is conscious that true merit will gain the personal approval of the head of the house, and it would be difficult to find in any establishment greater respect and loyalty than her patient and earnest example of application to business duties has developed among all her employees and subordinates of every grade.

## EDITORIAL ROOM.

Adjoining Mrs. Leslie's sanctum, and connected immediately with it is the main editorial room, occupied by the regular office-staff of the establishment. Each publication is in special charge of a separate editor, to whom all ordinary details are entrusted, though of each Mrs. Leslie retains general supervision. A system of "give and take" prevails throughout the entire office, so that the full resources of all the publications are ever at the command of any editor desiring special strength in a particular feature of his paper or magazine. By this means the greatest variety and completeness are secured in the treatment of the different subjects which may be taken up. Of course, but a small portion of the matter which appears in the publications of the house is written by the editors of the official staff. Over four thousand manuscripts are annually offered by contributors from every quarter of the globe, and those accepted in a single year, over a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars have been paid. Every manuscript as it comes to hand is numbered, indorsed, and its title and number entered in a book kept especially for this purpose. The numbers are now high in the fifty thousands, and there are nineteen volumes of registers. So watchful is the care taken of contributions, rejected or otherwise, that a manuscript claimed after seventeen years was returned to the almost incredulous applicant. Twenty thousand manuscripts, declined as the work of tyros, are at the present moment peacefully reposing in the Frank Leslie office. The correspondence of Frank Leslie's should consist of from 2,500 to 3,500 words, and should be full of action and incident, so as to give opportunity for making effective pictures. Mrs. Leslie pays for contributions when accepted. Every manuscript is placed in the hands of a competent reader, whose judgment is final. Connected with the editorial room is a large and carefully selected reference library of over five thousand volumes, and upon the same floor are also the general reception rooms for visitors, unusually spacious and comfortable, and the convenient quarters of the editor of the German *Illustrirte Zeitung*. By the arrangement of the present offices a rare degree of convenience and efficiency is secured. The entire artistic and editorial force are upon the same floor with Mrs. Leslie, and in immediate readiness for any duty. The publication and business offices occupy the main floor at the corner of Park and College Place, and are among the most eligible and desirable in the city. All the numerous details involved in the conduct of the great publishing house, the subscriptions, the sales and the advertisements, together with the dispatch of the mails, here receive attention, and here the results of the work of all the workers in the other departments is reduced to its simplest terms in net cash.

## "CUT" ROOMS.

One of the most interesting departments of the establishment is one which is most rarely visited. The "cut rooms," on the corner of Broadway and Lispenard Street, occupy five large, lofty fireproof apartments, and contain the original wood-cut or plate of every illustration which has ever appeared

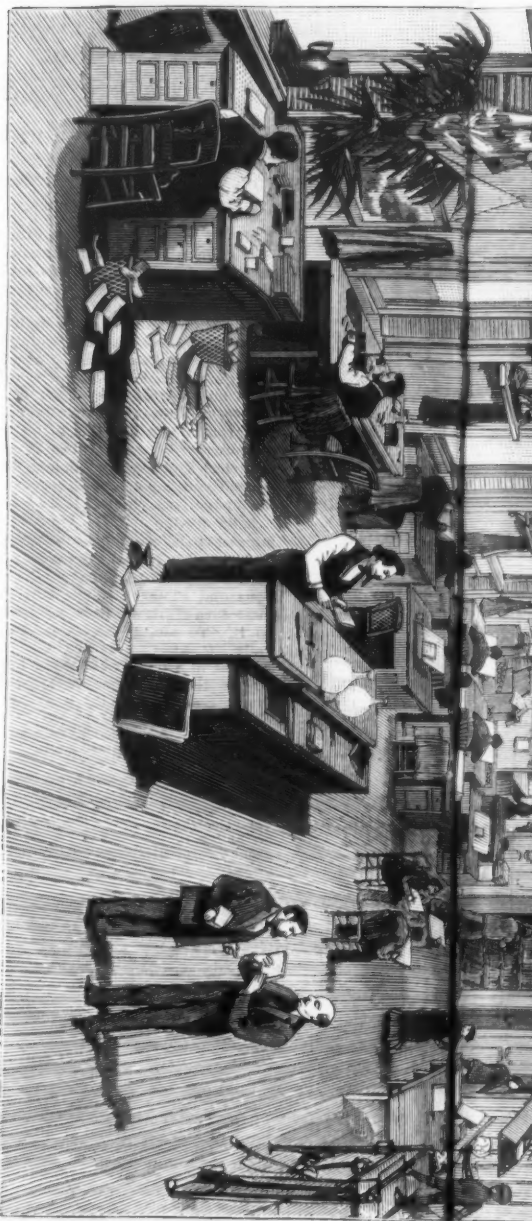
in any of the Frank Leslie publications. Here are the blocks from which No. 1 of the first volume of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER was printed, and in nothing does the progress in popular pictorial art appear more clearly than in the contrast in the pictures of that day and those of the present. The total number of cuts now safely stored here exceeds 175,000, and their value can scarcely be computed in dollars and cents. Complete and simple indexes enable the custodian, who has filled his position for seventeen years, to produce any desired cut at almost a moment's notice.

## THE SEVERAL PUBLICATIONS.

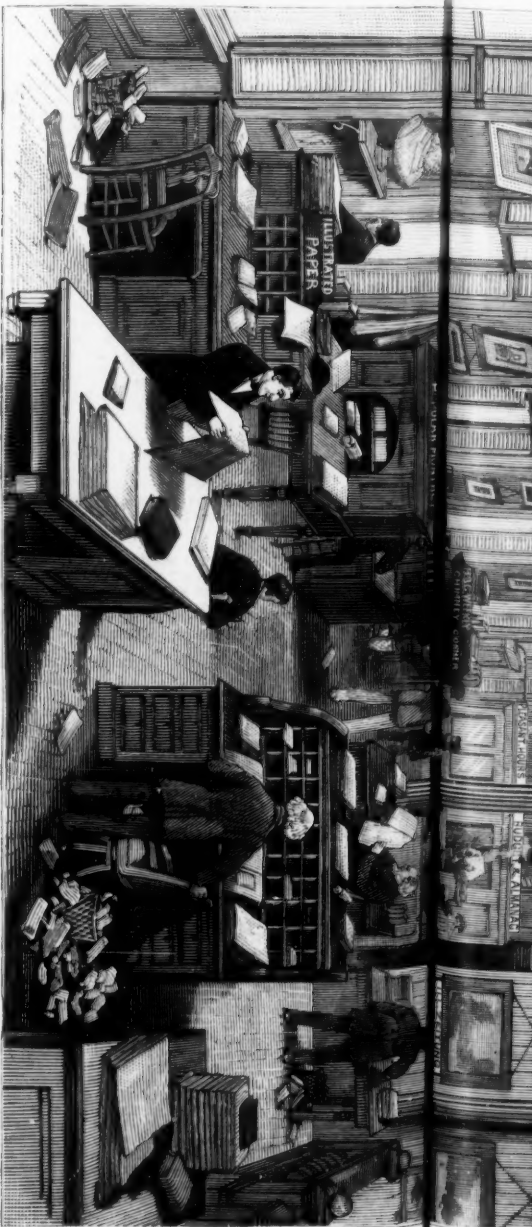
A brief résumé of the aim and purpose of the principal publications of the Frank Leslie Publishing House may properly come within the scope of this article. FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, by which the house has been the longest and most widely known, is issued every Wednesday, and contains sixteen pages of news, editorial and carefully-written reading matter, and an average of from twenty-five to thirty original and skillfully-executed illustrations. The purpose of this journal is to illustrate news with the utmost possible dispatch, all events, objects and persons of interest, not only on this continent, but in every portion of the globe—in a word, an illustrated newspaper in the most exact sense which the term implies. It is the only American pictorial paper that illustrates the news of the day, and an American in any portion of the globe has but to refer to it to find the leading events of the hour faithfully and comprehensively illustrated.

In order to be in a position to furnish the public with true and accurate pictures, both by brush and by pen, Frank Leslie has artists and correspondents in all the great centres of population in the United States, and some idea of the completeness of the arrangements for news supply will be obtained when we mention the fact that no less than 636 artists and photographers are on the books of this establishment. No expense is spared in order to render FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER an abstract and brief chronicle of the time. Sketches and photographs are promptly forwarded from the scenes of incidents to be illustrated, and artists and correspondents are dispatched immediately when the service demands. Every notable event is cared for, and, as an instance of recent date, it may be said here that, to the illustrations and correspondence of the artist and "special" sent to Mexico with the American Industrial Expedition in the year 1879, is due the "boom" which is now financially bridging the Ilo Grande, and causing the sister Republics to enrich one another. A special correspondent was sent to "do" the Passion Play at Oberammergau in 1880, thus enabling Frank Leslie to present a vivid and realistic pictorial description of this strange spectacle, ere any other paper could possibly reproduce the scenes from foreign illustrated journals. Last year, again, Frank Leslie dispatched an artist and special to Europe, who returned laden with sketches and material for future illustrations and articles as the affairs of Europe may bring them to the front. The amount of "stock" sketches ready for emergency in connection with FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER almost fills a large apartment, while it would take days to go through the albums of photographs. The editorial pages are enriched by the pens of the leading thinkers of the day, prominent specialists, while a serial novel by some celebrated writer adds its own special attraction. At this writing a most powerful story by Joaquin Miller, entitled, "'49": Or, The Gold-seeker of the Sierras," is running through its pages, "Heart and Science," by Wilkie Collins, having just concluded. In addition to the novel, a short and complete story appears in every number. This railway reading newspaper almost fills a large apartment, while it would take days to go through the albums of photographs. The editorial pages are enriched by the pens of the leading thinkers of the day, prominent specialists, while a serial novel by some celebrated writer adds its own special attraction. 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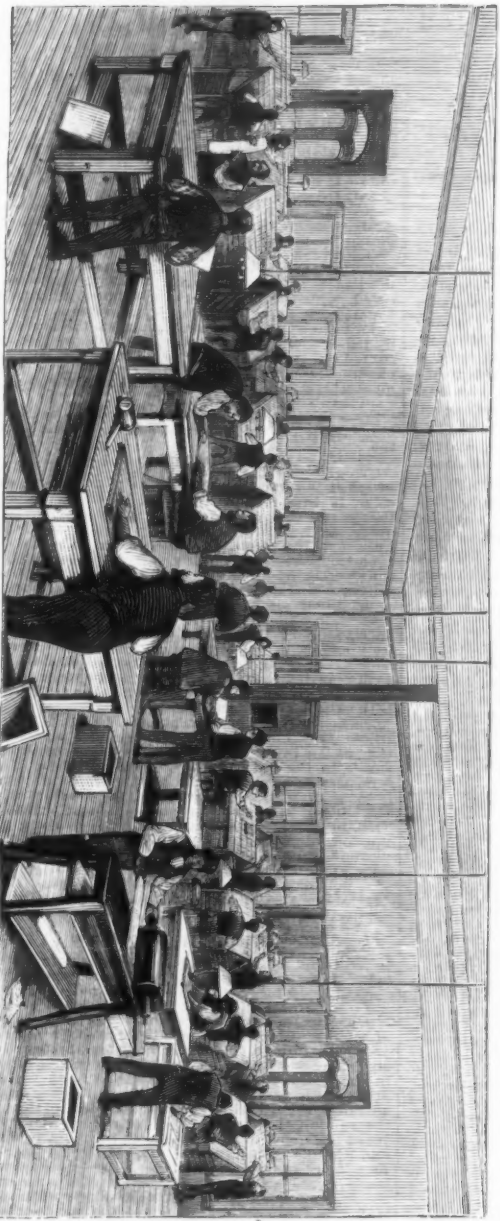




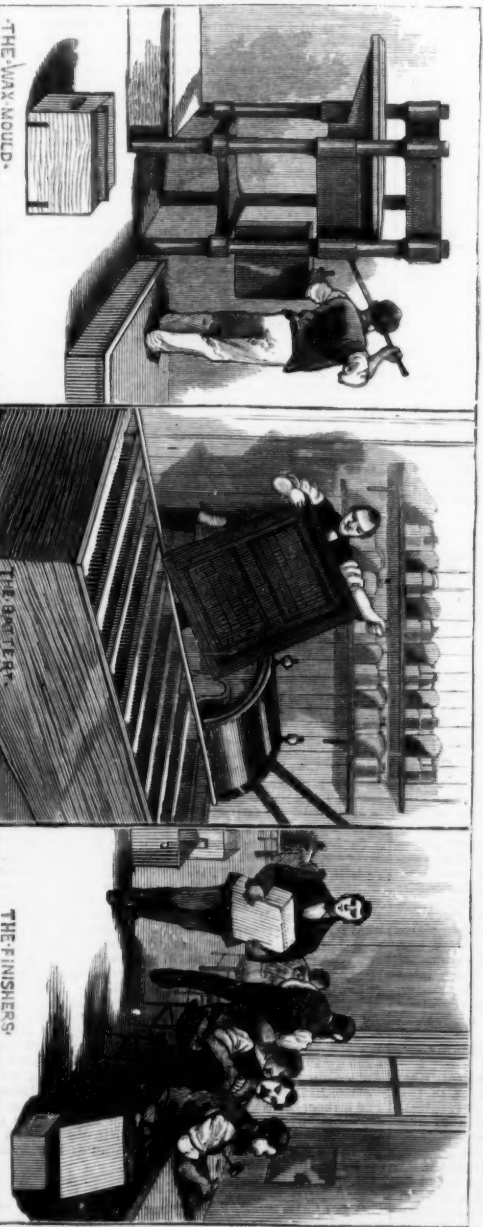
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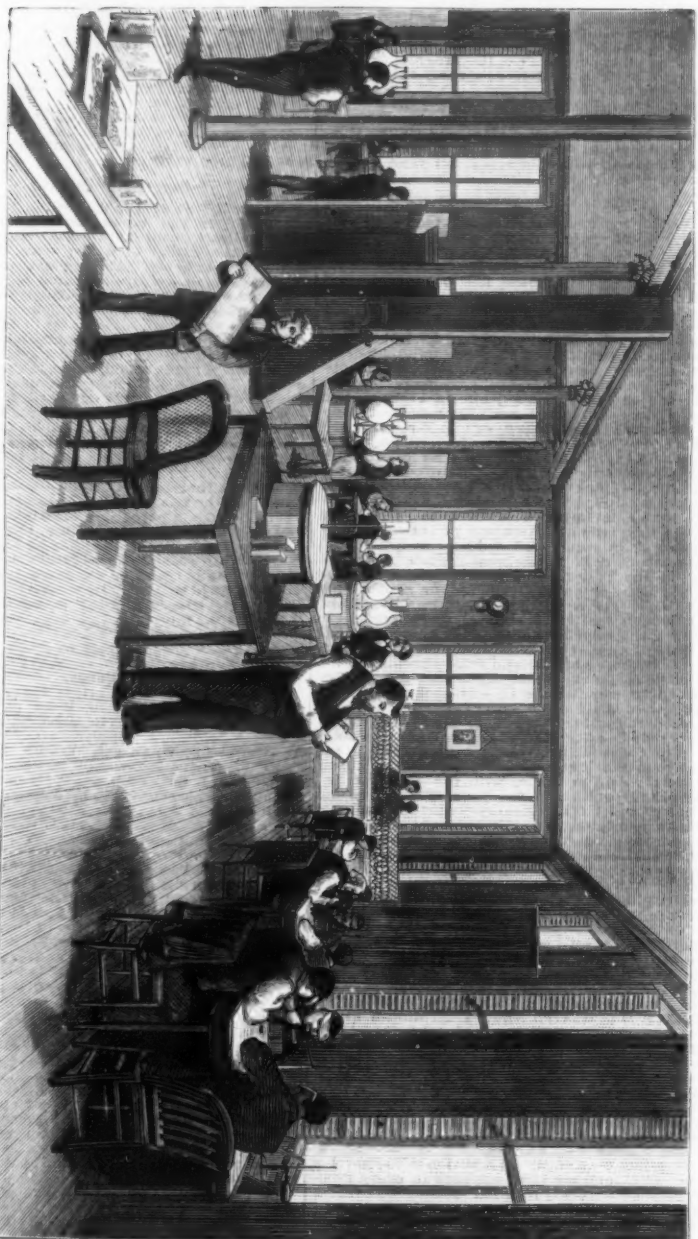
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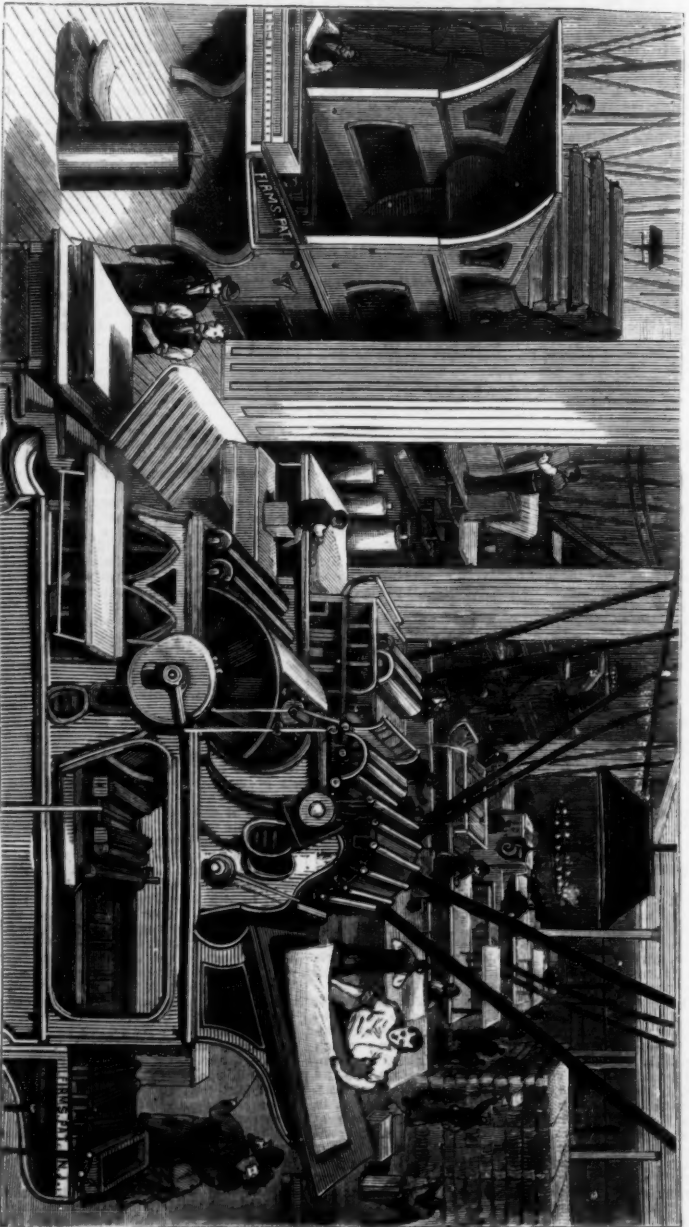
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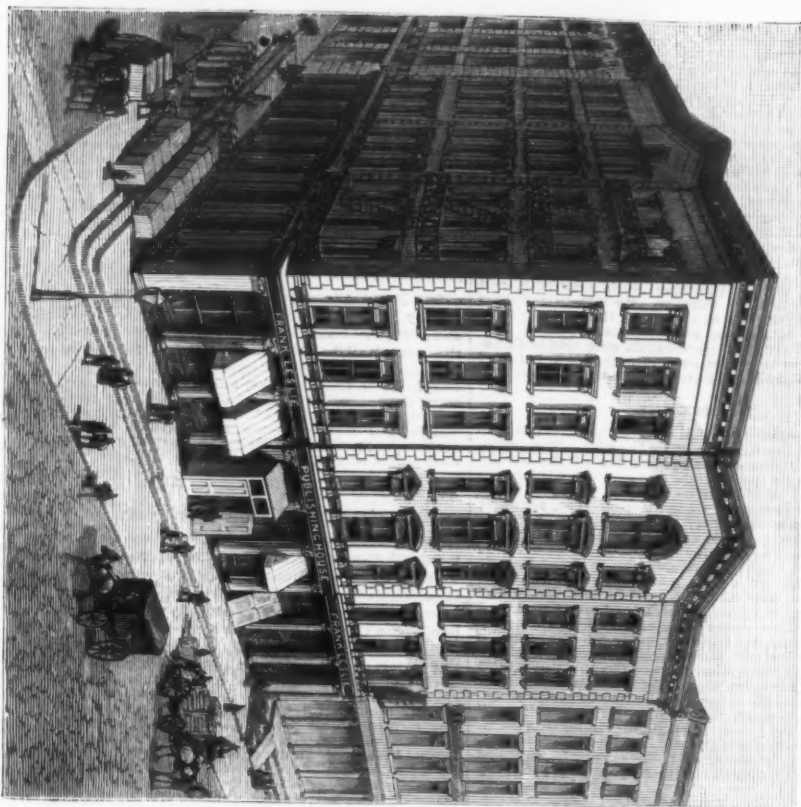
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NEW YORK CITY.—THE FRANK LESLIE PUBLISHING HOUSE: ITS ORIGIN, HISTORY, AND PRESENT MAGNITUDE.—ITS SEVERAL DEPARTMENTS ILLUSTRATED.—See Page 81.

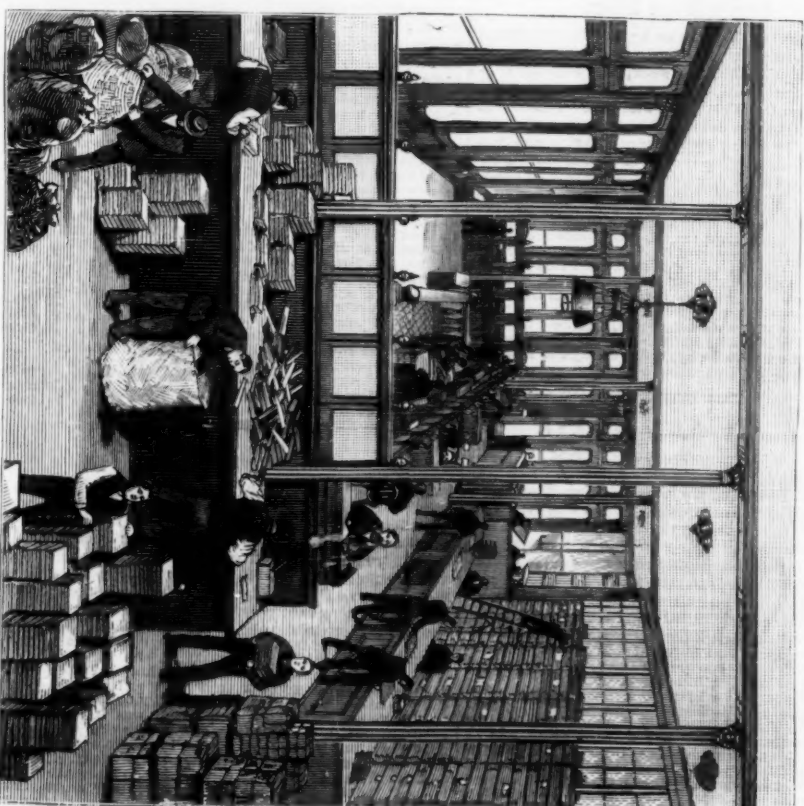




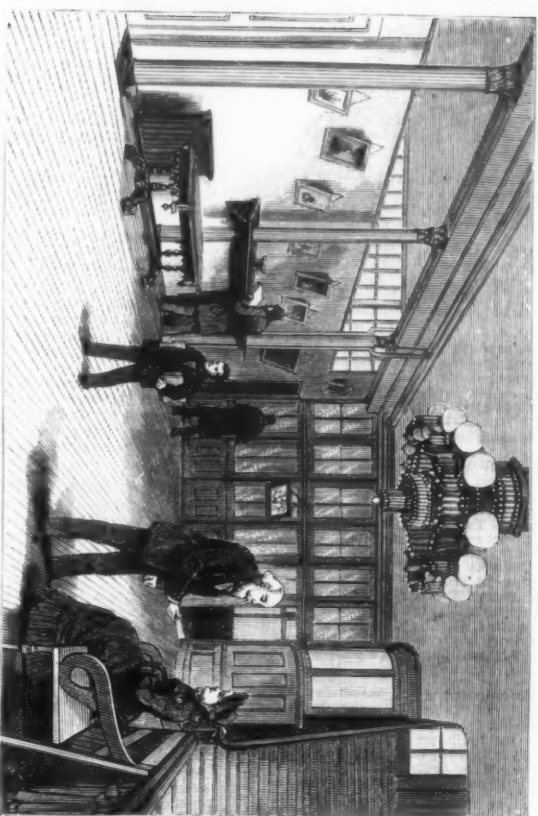
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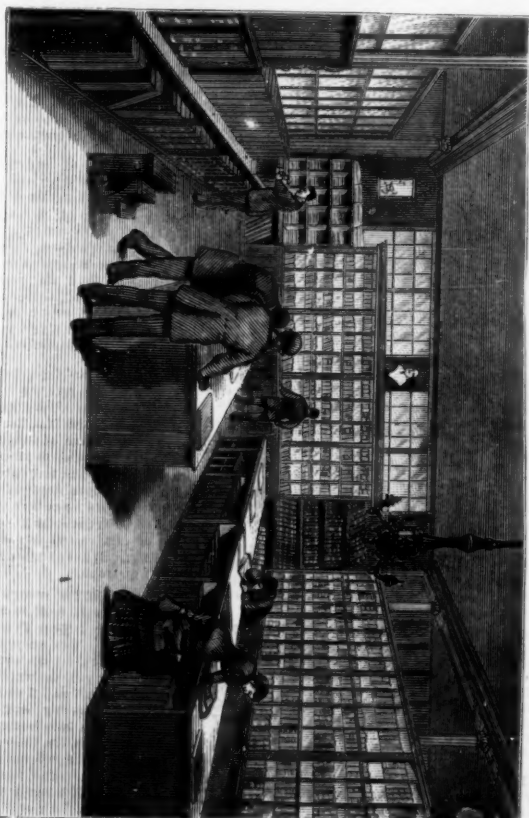
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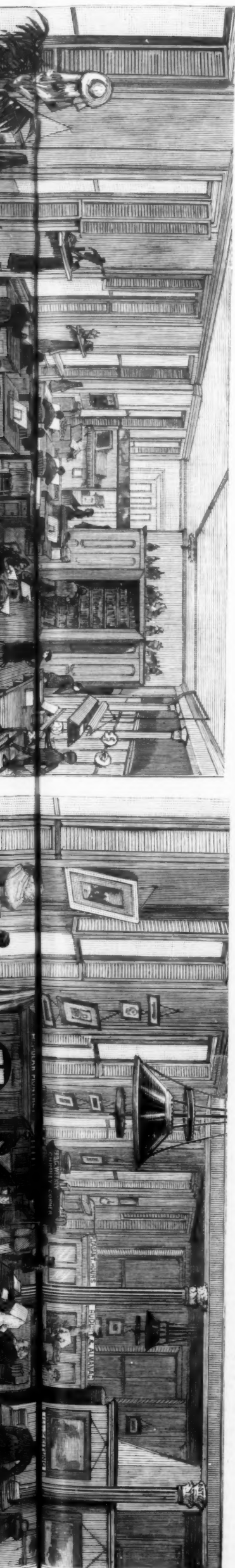
ANTE-ROOM COMMUNICATING WITH THE EDITORIAL AND ART DEPARTMENTS.



MRS. LESLIE'S PRIVATE OFFICE.



THE LIBRARY AND MANUSCRIPT ROOM.





diately ordered the presses stopped, destroyed the part of the edition already published, and set the whole force of the establishment at work preparing a new edition with engravings of the sketches sent over early Tuesday morning by the artists at Elteron, and before Wednesday night had on sale a paper full of illustrations of the deathbed scene. A week later she seized another opportunity. The dead President's body was to be conveyed to Washington on the Wednesday after his death and funeral services were to be held in the Capitol on Friday, before the removal of the remains to Cleveland for the final ceremonies. Mrs. Leslie resolved to anticipate the usual day of publication the following week, and deposit in Cleveland, on Monday morning, 30,000 copies of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, containing full illustrations of the ever memorable scenes at Washington. She sent for the President of the American News Company, and communicated her purpose. He was incredulous and doubtful, but she insisted that it could be done, and it was, for 30,000 copies of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER were sent to Cleveland, where they sold so readily that it is believed as many more could have been easily disposed of."

#### STATISTICS.

A few statistics for those misguided mortals who delight in them may now be in order. The aggregate circulation of a single edition of the weekly and monthly periodicals exceeds considerably a quarter of a million copies, and to satisfy the insatiable presses, during the past year, required 24,103 reams of paper, making 12,54,500 sheets, 1,753,247 lbs. These sheets measure in surface 17,569,651,892 square inches, equal to 2,730 acres, or a sheet the width of this paper equal to 8,371 miles long. It would make a solid pile eight feet square and 678 feet high, or 339 cords. The weekly consumption of paper is about 17 tons, and Frank Leslie's ranks third on the list of ink consumers in the United States, using a miniature lake of that useful and potent liquid. The publications go to every State and Territory in the Union, and are as widely circulated in foreign countries. Over three thousand square inches of boxwood are required each week, and a million and a half "ems" of type are set every week in the composing room. In the mailing department, 1,500 wrappers are addressed every hour, and forty papers wrapped every minute by some of the swiftest of the mailing clerks.

#### THE FUTURE.

As to the future, it need only be said that no effort or expenditure necessary to maintain and improve the character and interest of the Frank Leslie publications will be spared. Arrangements are now making which look to the introduction of some important features in both FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER and the magazines, and others will be added as the spirit of enterprise and the popular demand may seem to require.

In concluding this sketch we desire to extend a cordial invitation to any of our friends, whenever in the metropolis, to visit and inspect the Frank Leslie Publishing House in full tide of operation.

#### Moody and Sankey in England.

AN English paper regards it as really astonishing how Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the now well-known American evangelists, retain their popularity. Their present visit to England has been quite as acceptable and has been attended with scarcely less enthusiasm than the first. Wherever they have appeared they have been there by formal invitation, and the most elaborate preparations have been made for their reception and convenience, as well as for the accommodation of the public. They have had hearty welcomes from the clergy of all denominations, the Non-conformist clergy—as is natural enough—identifying themselves with them. At Birmingham they have had immense success, if success is to be at all measured by multitudes of patient and attentive hearers, or by the recognition and co-operative aid of the best people in the city and neighborhood. This month they have pitched their tent in Manchester, whither they went at the invitation of 520 ministers of the Gospel, including several clergymen of the Established Church; and during their stay in that city they have had placed at their disposal several of the largest halls. On leaving Manchester they go to Leeds, also by invitation, and there a public building to be placed at their service is being expressly enlarged with a view to accommodate some five or six thousand persons. These facts are very significant. They speak volumes for the continued power and attractiveness of the evangelists, and seem to imply something like a reflection on the churches and their methods. It is not conceivable that the American evangelists are not doing good work—work which the Church organizations do not so well succeed in accomplishing.

#### Strange Indian Ethics.

THE Sherman (Texas) Courier has the following: "A citizen of Sherman was over at Tishomingo, in the Indian Territory, last week, and saw the condemned murderer, Willie Brown, going about the place without any restraint whatever. Brown was pointed out to him as the full-blood Indian who was convicted for killing his brother some time ago, and he was told that it was a custom among the Chickasaws to let such convicts out on parole of honor until the day of execution. It is a tradition among the Indians that no one under such circumstances has ever failed to appear at the time and place appointed for the execution, and in compliance with this established custom of these people, Brown came to meet his death like a true Indian on last Friday, and was hung by the neck until he was dead. Such abnegation at such a time, seems so unlike the rules of self-preservation practiced among the white race, that it appears to us unnatural, and we raise the question, how much white blood must an Indian have in him before he has sense enough to skip the country rather than die like a dog?"

#### "Who Struck Billy Patterson?"

THE Franklin Register has settled a great historical problem by discovering "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Mr. Patterson, the father of Mrs. Bonaparte, was a wealthy Baltimorean. Upon one occasion, while Mr. Patterson was in Franklin, looking after his property, a general row occurred among the boys, in which he became involved. In the confusion, indeed, some one struck Mr. Patterson a tremendous blow, and this so angered him that he walked through the crowd, inquiring in stentorian tones, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Mr. Patterson was a large and powerful man, and under the circumstances no one among the fighters appeared desirous of holding himself responsible. The inquiry passed into a by-word, and even to this day the inquiry can be heard, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" The original Billy pursued the inquiry with astonishing vigor, but without avail, and at his death, curiously enough, inserted a clause in his will setting apart \$1,000 to be paid to the person who should give to his heirs or executor the name of the man who struck him. The fight in which Billy Patterson was struck occurred in 1783, and it is passing strange that just 100 years after a claim should be put in for the reward. And yet a correspondent of the Register says that is the case. A Mrs. Jennie G. Covey, of Athol, N.Y., daughter of George W. Tillertown, has written to the Ordinary

of Franklin County, claiming this legacy of \$1,000. She states that she is an invalid, aged and infirm, and in great need of the money. In 1783 her father, who was quite a young man, and being in great fear of Mr. Patterson fled the country at once, and never heard of the reward or legacy. She says she has often heard her father speak of the fight and the blow he gave Mr. Patterson, and the fierce anger of the latter. The thumb of Tillertown's hand was dislocated by the blow, and was so severely injured that it remained a useless member to the day of his death. As the facts she gives correspond so exactly with the facts of the case, the correspondent presumes that Mrs. Covey will receive the legacy without delay.

#### The Coming War-ships.

THE Naval Advisory Board has submitted to Secretary Chandler specifications for the 3,000-ton steel cruisers which are to be built. They suggest that each hull be 270 feet long and 42 feet wide; the battery to consist of nine six-inch rifles; the bow to be of modified ram shape; a steel deck to cover the space by 1000s and machinery; ships to have double bottoms and to be divided into many water-tight compartments as possible; storage room to be provided for 230 men for ninety days; to have single screws, seventeen feet in diameter.

#### Pardoned Six Months after Death.

GABE GAFFNEY, a colored man, was sentenced to the South Carolina Penitentiary for a term of years from Spartanburg County. After a long period of imprisonment the poor fellow's friends made a strong and earnest appeal to Governor Hagood for a pardon, and brought forward after-discovered evidence which tended to greatly mitigate the offense, but Governor Hagood was not easily moved in the matter of granting pardons, and the petition for clemency was refused. The matter remained thus until in the revolution of weeks and months a new Governor came into power. Last month the friends of the criminal, backed by the attorney who had defended him, made an appeal to Governor Thompson for a pardon on the grounds presented to Governor Hagood. His Excellency became convinced of the injustice which had been done Gaffney, and he readily granted the pardon. The document was sent to the officials at the State Prison, properly authenticated, when the messenger was told that the pardon had come too late, as Gabe had been released six months before by a power higher than the Executive of South Carolina.

#### Origin of the Name "Texas."

A WRITER in a Philadelphia paper relates the legend of the origin of the name "Texas," as told to her by General Sam Houston when she was a little girl. General Houston had it from an Indian chief, as follows: "A long time ago, when the Spaniards overran and plundered Mexico, some of the red men left them and came towards the rising sun. They crossed the Rio Grande, and not knowing what lay before them, entered upon the great salt marshes. They traveled many days and found but little sweet water or game. The weather grew hot, and the little streams dried up, and the grass withered, and many old men and women and children died of thirst. One day, after many weeks of weary walking, a party of young braves, who had been sent ahead to reconnoitre, came running back and said: 'We have found water; come on!' This good news put new life into their veins, and although nothing could be seen but a dry, flat, bald prairie, the scouts were standing still, calling and beckoning to them and pointing towards something apparently at their feet. At length they reached the spot where the braves were standing. Fifty feet below them the limpid waters of the Colorado sang a melody to heaven. Beyond, far as even an Indian vision could reach, stretched a green expanse. The tall mesquite grass, yielding in vast billows of verdure under the ardent summer sun. Little 'islands' of mesquite trees dotted this grassy sea, and herds of buffalo and deer grazed in peaceful ignorance of an enemy's approach. Forgetting hunger, fatigue and even thirst, in this delicious vision, the red men fell upon their knees and cried out, 'Tehas! Tehas!' 'Tehas' is the nearest approach in English to the correct pronunciation of Texas, and it means—so the narrator explains—Paradise.

#### An Important Biblical Discovery.

M. NAVILLE writes from Tel-el-Maschuta to announce that the excavations undertaken by him on that site for the Egyptian Exploration Fund have already yielded a result of the first historical and geographical importance. This site (Tel-el-Maschuta), roughly midway between Ismatia and Tel-el-Kebir, is proved by an inscription dug up by M. Naville to be at once the Pithom and the Succoth of the Bible. Pithom was the sacred name descriptive of the Temple, and Succoth (Taku) the civic appellation. We read of Pithom as one of the cities built by the Israelites during the oppression. (Ex. i, 11.) and Succoth was their first station in the march of the exodus. (Ex. xii, 37; xiii, 20.) The discovery not only places Pithom-Succoth on the map, but in doing so gives us at last a fixed point in the route of the Israelites out of Egypt. A full discussion of the results of this discovery would be premature, but it may be remarked that it greatly modifies Dr. Brugsch's attempt to reconstruct the primitive geography of the Delta, which, like a broken geographical puzzle, will now be put together. It must not, however, be forgotten that with the help of his collection of literary documents the labor is comparatively easy. It is to be hoped that the work to which M. Naville has devoted his great knowledge will not languish for want of funds. Hitherto it has been supported single-handed by Sir Erasmus Wilson.

#### Arabi and his Faith.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Ceylon Times has been interviewing Arabi Pasha. After a time the conversation turned on the education of the children. Arabi and his companions were most anxious that the children, girls as well as boys, should have all the advantages of an English education. When told that there was a good school under the auspices of the bishop, they said they would like to send their daughters there as boarders. When reminded that the tenets of the Christian religion would form a portion of the daily instruction at the bishop's school they expressed no surprise nor revealed any disposition to go back on what they had said. They were quite willing that their daughters should be instructed in Christianity, which was itself a good thing; and as their children were well grounded in the Koran, it was impossible they could become Christians at heart, for God was good, and the Koran had in it virtue enough to maintain its hold on the children—but educated they must and should be. The prisoners seem to be well satisfied with all the arrangements which have been made for them. The arrangements appear to be exceedingly liberal. Arabi is determined to make himself familiar with English, as he is anxious to know what is said about him.

#### Facts of Interest.

THE Polish novelist, J. J. Kraszewski, is probably the most voluminous of living writers, he having published 400 novels.

A MEMORIAL tablet is to be placed on the front of the house in which Wagner died, on the Palazzo Ven-Gratin, Venice.

A MAN ninety-three years old, living in Unity, N.H., without using spectacles, recently shot four squirrels with an old musket which once belonged to a soldier in the Revolutionary war.

A MEMORIAL tablet has been erected in the Church of Brethry, the family seat of the Chesterfield, by the Countess of Chesterfield, to the late Lord Beaconsfield. Lady Chesterfield is the lady to whom Lord Beaconsfield was at one time reported to be engaged.

In a lecture recently delivered in Philadelphia the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, who has lived five years in Alaska, stated that, according to the record of temperature kept by the Russians for forty years, the mercury had gone below zero only twice during that period. Dr. Jackson compares the winter climate of Alaska to that of Kentucky.

DURING the year 1882 Bayfield (Wis.) fish firms packed and shipped 1,973,756 pounds of lake fish, to do which required the expenditure of \$69,278, the manufacture of 17,093 fish barrels, and the employment of 181 men. The town of Bayfield is on Lake Superior, eighteen miles north of Ashland.

ALTHOUGH Kansas has for eleven years had a capital punishment law, nobody has been hanged except by lynchers. Under the statute a person sentenced to death is first imprisoned a year in the penitentiary, and if, at the expiration of that time, the death-warrant is signed by the Governor, the execution takes place, but otherwise the imprisonment continues.

THE physicians in one of the hospitals of Vienna have made the remarkable discovery, in dissecting the body of one of their patients, that he had carried about in his brain an iron nail covered with rust, that to all appearances must have held its singular lodgment since early childhood. The man was forty-five years of age, a bookbinder, and always passed for a thoroughly intelligent person. The nail in his brain did not seem to affect his mental powers in any particular. There is probably no case on record to parallel this.

MARKED preference is shown by various royal ladies in Europe for particular kinds of fur. The Empress of Russia, of course, always wears sable. The Empress of Austria-Hungary will have nothing but Astrachan, while her daughter-in-law, the Archduchess Stephanie, wears only ermine. The Queen of Roumania cares little what fur she wears, so it be gray in color, while the Queen of Holland prefers marten, and her Majesty of Spain bestows her patronage upon the beaver.

DURING the year 1882 in Florida forty-three railroad companies filed articles of association.

THE Boston and Providence Railroad is appropriating to its switch engines a number of names which Dickens made immortal. Among them are the "Dick Swiveller," "Sam Weller," "Micawber," and "Pancake." The newest switcher, just received from the locomotive works, is called "Jack Bunby."

THE haulage of American railways now employs over 17,000 locomotives, and the aggregate cost to run them, fuel, water, oil, repairs and labor, is about \$90,000,000, or not far from \$5,000 a year for each machine. The item of fuel alone is \$33,000,000, but the greater portion of this fuel is practically wasted.

THE King of Spain has received from Prince Charles of Hohenzollern an urn containing the ashes and bones of the Old, the greatest hero of Spanish romance. The vessel, which is of marble, has long been preserved at Sigüenra, and the gift was received with solemn ceremonies and sent to Burgos.

It is stated that since the death of Charles Dickens, thirteen years ago, 4,239,000 volumes of his works have been sold in England alone. At the head of the list stands "Pickwick"; second, is "David Copperfield," and third, is "Dombey and Son."

THE garrison of Berlin numbers 17,813 men; Metz, 14,411; Strasburg, 8,965; Mayence, 7,712; Cologne, 7,655; Potsdam, 6,599. Seventy other towns have garrisons over 2,000—three of these being over 6,000 and three over 5,000—and there are 296 garrisons with less than 2,000. And this is a peace establishment!

At the present time there are on the books of the Pension Office no fewer than 117 different grades of pensioners, and some of them are numbered by scores of thousands each.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S desk—the one which he used during his custom-house service at Salem—is preserved in the venerable First Church of that town. It is a tall desk and was evidently used by the novelist in a standing position.

THE Cressage oak of England is probably not less than fourteen centuries old. The circumference of the trunk was about thirty feet, measured at a height of five feet from the ground; but only about one-half of the shell of the hollow trunk now remains. It still bears fifteen living branches, each fifteen or sixteen feet in length. A young oak grows from the centre of the hollow.

ONE of the many strange episodes of the recent Western floods was the finding of an infant near Louisville floating in a cradle in the river. A man who was rowing around in search of wreckage saw the cradle, and on rowing up to it was surprised to find a beautiful infant, about three months old, gazing up at the sky in open-mouthed wonder. The little waif was comfortably and warmly dressed, and had not received the slightest harm. Its parents have not yet been found.

THE famous Walled Lake in the State of Iowa, 150 miles west of Dubuque, has recently attracted much attention. It is in the midst of prairie land, and is two or three feet above the earth's surface. It is inclosed by a wall of stones in some places ten feet high, fifteen feet wide at the bottom, and five feet wide at the top. The stones vary in weight from three tons to 100 pounds. There are no ones on the surface of the ground within ten miles of the lake. A few years ago the ice on the lake broke the wall in several places, and the farmers were obliged to repair it to prevent inundation.

A BOSTON ice company which has furnished Havana with ice for the last twenty-three years, has decided to relinquish the business, owing to competition offered by companies there now providing artificial ice.

A SINGULAR circumstance occurred in connection with the recent defalcation of State Treasurer Polk, of Tennessee, six years ago. H. L. Goslin was nominated by Judge Freeman, then a member of the State Legislature, as the Republican candidate for the office of Treasurer, but was defeated by Polk, the Democratic nominee. Just six years later Goslin, now a United States Marshal, arrested and brought back to Tennessee his old opponent, Polk.

THE old building at the corner of Tremont and Court Streets, Boston, with which many historical events are associated, is to be razed and another erected on the site. General Washington occupied a portion of it in October, 1789; Harrison Gray Otis, the celebrated lawyer, was one of its first occupants; and Daniel Webster and many other noted members of the Bar have had rooms in it.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Sulphate of Copper (blue vitriol) is recommended by an English scientist as a cheap and efficient domestic disinfectant.

Bronze Torpedoes are being introduced into the German and the British naval service. They are said to be very formidable.

An English Inventor has patented a process of making straw incombustible, and now proposes to build cheap straw cottages for the poor.

Mr. Dennis, the British antiquarian, has bought the site of the Temple of Cybele, at Sardis, Asia Minor, and great hopes are entertained of the discoveries among the ruins.

A Chemist in Germany has introduced a new system of preserving butter by covering it with a layer an inch in thickness of a strong solution of sulphate of lime, which he also used to preserve cider.

A French Inventor says he is to construct a balloon which will be elliptical in form and 131 feet long. Its capacity will exceed 100,000 cubic feet, giving a lifting power of 3½ tons. The means of propulsion is to be a dynamo-electric machine and a secondary battery.

Mr. Frank Moffat has described to the Edinburgh Photographic Society a process for obtaining photographs by moonlight, which he has successfully tried. A picture exhibited shows a house and trees very distinctly, while the differences in level on a grassy lawn may be clearly seen.

Wine shows a tendency to remain liquid below its true freezing point. The point at which it becomes solid is determined by the percentage of alcohol it contains. The higher the percentage the lower will be that point, ranging from 33° to 59° for an alcoholic strength of 75 to 125 by volume.

A Spring of Mineral Oil was recently discovered in a colliery at Flintshire, Wales, which gave a brilliant light, and at the same time produced less smoke than average oil. Another spring was discovered on the same level on a subsequent day. The supply from the wells is not copious, but it is sufficient to inspire the hope that a new industry will spring up in North Wales.

Herr Stefan has shown that if a hollow sphere of iron be magnetized by external force, the magnetism of the interior is the opposite to that of the exterior. A magnet in the interior of the shell is screened from the act of external magnets, and thus protected from any influence but that of the earth. Snow Harris's protecting rings must have operated as Stefan's iron spheres appear to do.

Dr. Schliemann is desirous of commencing a new series of excavations in the northwest of Athens. In the neighborhood of the old Academy was the site of the official burial ground, and there were buried the ancient Athenians who had fallen in battle. Dr. Schliemann hopes in this spot to find the grave of Pericles. At a subsequent period it is his intention to begin fresh excavations in Crete.

So vast is the weight of the atmosphere resting upon the surface of the earth that it is not surprising if the considerable local fluctuations of its pressure, as shown by the barometer, produce some effect upon the earth's crust. It has been found by Mr. Latham that the streams flowing through chalk yield an increased supply of water when the pressure upon the overlying earth is decreasing, and a diminished supply when the pressure is becoming greater—or, in other words, when the barometer is rising.

Senor Felipe Poley, a famous ichthyologist of Cuba, has recently brought out an exhaust work upon the fishes of Cuban waters, in which he describes and depicts no fewer than 782 distinct varieties, although he admits some doubts about 105 kinds, concerning which he has to get yet more exact information. There can be no question, however, he claims, about the 677 species remaining, more than half of which he first described in previous works upon this subject, which has been the study of his life.

Under the leadership of Sir William Thompson steps have been taken to establish an observatory on Ben Nevis. At a meeting recently held in Glasgow, and over which Sir William presided, it was decided that an observatory be set up there, and that it be made permanent and efficient. It is estimated that the necessary building would cost \$10,000, the instruments \$5,000, and other matters \$10,000 more. Of this \$25,000, there has already been subscribed the sum of \$6,600. Aid from the Government has been sought in vain.

Another Plaster Cast of a human form has lately been taken from the mold left in the ashes of Pompeii. From the place and posture it is evident that the man was overtaken by the ashes while endeavoring to escape, and was suffocated. The figure is lying on its back, the head is bent backwards, and the skull is perfectly preserved. The open lips disclose five upper and five lower teeth, white and even. The left arm is half raised and the fingers one half shut; the right arm is pressed against the body and the closed fist rests on the stomach. Two rather small keys were found near the body.

In the "Medical and Surgical Reporter," Dr C. L. Dana gives a record of experiments which disprove the current notions that raw oysters digest themselves, that they are always more digestible than the cooked, and that fermented liquors dissolve or digest them. He found that the oyster's large liver cannot even digest itself, much less the rest of the oyster; that half a dozen roasted in a shell or simply boiled will be digested nearly, if not quite, as rapidly as the same number raw, although a larger stew with butter, milk, etc., of course takes a longer time; and that oysters grow hard in ale or beer, instead of dissolving.

An Interesting Scientific Discovery was recently made in one of the "pockets" of sand which are scattered along the Missouri River bluffs near Council Bluffs, Iowa. A large amount of fossil remains have been found having the appearance of belonging to the mastodon sloth. The skull-bones were perfect petrifications, but the skull cavities were found to contain large quantities of a calcareous substance resembling carbonate of lime. The teeth are in an excellent state of preservation, and are about three inches long. It is the first discovery yet made in this region of animal remains of that geological age. Where rock appears in these bluffs it is the oolitic limestone.

A New Method of recognizing blood-stains where they have been partly washed out or altered by decay, is recommended by Signor Filippi. It depends on the iron in the blood. The suspected parts of the tissue are macerated twenty-four hours in alcohol of ninety-five per cent strength, to which one twentieth of sulphuric acid has been added. The liquid is poured off, and made strongly alkaline by adding an alcoholic solution of ammonia; then it is heated to boiling in a water bath, and filtered. On the filter remains a precipitate of sulphate of ammonia, which is washed with alcoholic ammoniacal liquid. The liquid is vaporized and the residue calcined. If haematin is present, red spots appear on both sides of the porcelain dish, and these, dissolved in a drop of nitro-muratic acid, give the well known iron reactions with ferric or sulphocyanide of potassium. It is advisable to make a testing experiment with a stainless part of the same tissue.